



From a photograph by Schlattman Hermanos, Mexico.

PORFIRIO DIAZ

TO
THE MASTER
OF SPANISH-AMERICANA
(AND FOR ONE INADEQUATE DISCIPLE, NOT
MASTER ONLY, BUT ELDER BROTHER)
AD. F. BANDELIER

The Awakening of a Nation MEXICO of To-day

By Charles F. Lummis

Illustrated



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It was in my heart (whether in my head or not) to have made this a definitive picture of Mexico to-day; for beyond what sentiment may care for mere truth as a means of grace, a certain Americanism in me gropes towards the day when we shall no longer sniff ignorantly at all outside our boundaries.

But as even more exigent duties already stretch my work-hours to twenty in every twenty-four of the year, the pleasure must be foregone of putting what little I know to paper. These pages, then, largely as they were written for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, are submitted not as a description of Mexico, but as a finger-board along the path to comprehension. If hurried, they are not hasty; if generic, they do not lack the ancestry of detail; if friendly, it is not by ignorance; and if they may help another American to more neighborly feeling for a nation we have every reason not to despise and not to dislike, my recompense will be ample for all the work I would like to have done.

C. F. L.

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I

THE AWAKENING OF A NATION

IF a rather particular friend of mine shall ever come to be Czar (and I have, after all, one or two reasons to hope he may not), his first concern will be to issue these edicts:

1. A course of travel shall be compulsory for all able-bodied adult citizens.

2. No traveller shall print anything about any country whose language he cannot speak.

By this two-edged ukase my friend—who is much of a bigot in some matters—would bring public enlightenment to bloom by cutting off the twin tap-roots of ignorance. When no one can longer sit still in that birthright prejudice whereby we despise everything we know nothing about, nor anybody again disseminate the uninspired guesses of a travelled bat, why, then, declares my friend, it will become impossible for the world to keep on so stupid and intolerant as now.

The fantastic notions of Mexico which are too much current among us are not to be wondered at—though not many of us are so ignorant as the Washington statesman—(a historic fact)—who gasped as the hack bowled him along the splendid Reforma on the evening of his arrival: “I never would have believed

it if I hadn't seen it!" he exclaimed. "*Why, they have houses!*"

But our average innocence is enough. To the eternal race prejudice add that we are too drunken with our own progress to know or care much if there be more world beyond our fences; that we have saved from our insular inheritance the ancient grudges, if not much else that is English; that we still cultivate our foreign relations with a much more primitive implement than the Mexican plough; and that our ideas of the next-door republic are mostly derived from the typical Saxon "traveller" who roves deaf and dumb and with nose up—and it is inevitable that we should cherish a darkness which is one of the hardest things for our neighbors to understand. It is notorious to those who know both countries thoroughly that educated Americans are far more ignorant of Mexico than educated Mexicans are ignorant of the United States. One reason is, doubtless, that we are the more shining mark; but another is that the Latin-American nations have rather different ideas of a diplomatic service. They do not send to any country an ambassador who will be lost there without an interpreter. Even down to consuls this ridiculous superstition is operative. Men are selected who are at least gentlemen in appearance; who can command the respectful attention of business men; who know how to ask for the information they desire. The result is that Mexico is steadily informed of the moods and needs of this country.

A decade has convinced me that Mexico is worth the better acquaintance of her neighbors; and a review of our newspaper and book prints of the last few

years concerning Mexico, followed by a new over-running of the republic, has not lessened my conviction. It certainly seems that a little modern and interior truth as to our next-door neighbor might be beneficial to us. We have had at least enough of the ragtag and bobtail Mexico, enough of the ancient and the picturesque—both fascinating, but both, as a rule, fearfully and wonderfully “done”; for we have had too few Janviers, and only one Humboldt and one Bandelier. The books of charming literary impressions of Mexico generally illustrate their authors rather than Mexico—as indeed they are meant to. But I have not yet seen Mexico given justice as a human quantity, an ambitious marcher in the procession of nations. And that is what she is—this American Cinderella, who is very like to surprise some of her supercilious sisters.

Mexico is not Utopia. It is a very human country, with very human shortcomings. The nineteenth century's end may be too early for us to allow that Providence personally created anything outside the United States; but, at any rate, the apprentices who did some other portions of mankind were fairly competent. Of course the Armada is much more vital to Americans than is the pioneering of America; but in spite of our reasonable hostility to the Spanish blood, we must not give our eyes the lie. The fact remains that yonder disprized country is making a development as wonderful as sudden; that while our neighborly backs were turned she has stepped out from her darkness, young, vigorous, clothed upon with all that gives dignity and stability to a nation, and girded as to her loins for the most practical of runnings. She

is no longer old Mexico, the romantic hag whose wrinkles and tatters we have found so grotesque. While we have been achieving a material development, she has wrought the political and social miracle of the century. Within less time than has elapsed since our civil war invented millionaires, Mexico has stepped across as wide a gulf. From a state of anarchy tempered by brigandage—wherein it was better to be President than to be right, and better to be a revolutionist than either—she has graduated to be the most compact and unified nation in the New World. She has acquired not only a government which governs, but one which knows how to govern—and contemporaneously a people which has learned how to be ruled. He should be a happy patriot to whom it is given to make his country a hundred times as good as he found it—a hundred times as contented, prosperous, and respected; and that is what sort of fortune has befallen the creator of modern Mexico.

Only those who seriously knew the country in the old days can at all conceive the change from the Mexico of a generation back to the Mexico of now. There was no touring then, and nowhere was travel more unsafe. By every country road—even into the very heart of cities—the *bandido* robbed and murdered. Naturally. There was nothing else for him to do—unless to make a revolution, which requires brains and money. There were even Lady Turpins, and some of them were geniuses. Nor was there any special paucity of revolutions—and dozens of them were successful. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, practically no commerce; at the bottom of all, no security. It would be rather picturesque than scientific to say that

no man knew when he went to bed (and least of all the President) what the government would be in the morning; but the exaggeration is not wholly ridiculous.

To-day Mexico is—and I say it deliberately—the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights, are more secure than even with us. As for stability, the record speaks for itself. Mexico had sixty-two viceroys in 286 years, which is not very tumultuous; but it also has had fifty-two presidents, emperors, and other heads in fifty-nine years of this century. Now, one President for twenty years. Some will say that this is not republican. Possibly not, but it is business. Among all the mistakes of foreigners as to Mexico, none is more groping than that which disparages its government. One must be careless either of the facts or of the English language to call that government a despotism. It is not even—to such as are jealous of accurate speech—a dictatorship. It is logical paternalism—a scheme frightfully dangerous under a bad father, incalculably beneficial under a good one. Mexico is an Absolute Republic—self-government in chancery; free, in the upper sense, as we are, but less licensed; happy, safe, prosperous under precisely the same system as that by which we administer our own homes—for in the family we are not yet ready to turn our minors over to their own head and the ward-heeler. And it is proud of the remarkable man who has done what no other ruler of modern times has even dreamed of being able to do, and who still keeps a quiet, steady fist in the waistband of the youngster he has taught to walk.

As I have premised, Mexico is not perfect. Those

who best know it know best its faults. But though the temptation to be superior and critical is too much now and again for human nature to resist, I would rather take, on the whole, a more original line and tell more important truths than concern God's wisdom in making me smarter than the people among whom I travel. In a word, my hope is to convey some notion of the genuine Mexico I have watched for a decade, and have just now gone over anew for this express purpose. What shall be said is not guess-work, nor crumbs from the table of hotel hangers-on and refugee Americans and rented interpreters. It is the personal knowledge of a documentary student and field student who has followed Mexico from the dates of Ixtlilxochitl's mythography to within a week of this writing. I have just reinvaded nearly every state of the republic; conversed by wholesale for nearly three months with every class, from the President down to the meanest *pelado*; sounded millionaires and beggars, cabinet officers and muleteers, merchants, authors, street-car conductors, scientists, *cargadores*, mine-owners, peons, railroad men, priests, professors, and bull-fighters—and such responsible Americans as are to be had. It is no small pleasure to me that these chapters, as they appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, not only gratified patriotic Mexicans, but won the very generous and emphatic commendation of the Americans who most fully know and are most honorably known in that country.

These personal facts have no merit except to indicate an honest attempt to know the present pulse of Mexico. No man can reasonably estimate a country who does not know its people. If he goes dumb

and deaf among them, he is also half blind, for he cannot comprehend what he does see unless he knows *why*. And he cannot know a people until he has talked with them in their own tongue to something like the average length of his mind's tether and theirs. We need no enlightenment as to the value of a traveller who adjudicates the United States on the strength of a fortnight's trip, burglar-proofed against our history and our language, guided by the axiom that wherein we resemble his home we are right and that wherein we vary we are wrong. It may be reasonable to presume that snap judgment is no more accurate elsewhere.

Within ten years the brigands of Mexico have been simply wiped out. It has been—to such as know the geographical obstacles—a marvellous achievement; and the political difficulties were as great. First, whatsoever brigand was caught—and Diaz has a way of catching—stood just long enough in front of an adobe wall for the firing party to crook the right forefinger. There were no hung juries * nor pardon governors, nor newspapers, novels, and plays to make heroes of the bandits. Second, the same hand—so firm and swift to justice—knew how to open an alternative door. Nowadays the bandit needs not. There is something else for him to do; and he finds it not only

* There are no "professional jurors" in Mexico. Nine of a man's peers try him, and a majority is a verdict. If the nine are unanimous, there is no appeal. To serve on a jury, one must have a diploma in law, medicine, or some other profession, or an income of \$100 a month; or must be member of a family whose head has an income of \$3000 a year.

more salubrious, but more to his taste, to take a part in the development of the *pátria* he was proud of even when he was her curse. He would rather upbuild than tear down, if he has a chance, even if there were no "Porfirio" and no *rurales*.

I do not know anything in history which fairly parallels these twenty years in Mexico. No other man has taken a comparable dead-weight of population and so uplifted and transformed it. The wonder is all the more because to this day every other colony of Spain in the New World looks to be the worse off for the *Independencia*. Whatever we may say of the theory of self-government, in practice not one of them was ever so miserably viceroyed or captain-generalled as it has been presidented four-fifths of the time since 1821. Very much the same was true of Mexico until recently. It has had patriotic rulers sometimes; but that they were at last sorry rulers the very roster of them shows. Four or five presidents in a year is hardly an index of prosperity.*

It is not far to remember when there was not a railroad in Mexico, and when other material conditions were in proportion. The actual Mexico has forty railroads, with nearly seven thousand miles of track, and everything that this implies. Its transportation facilities are practically as good as those of our Western States, and the investment is far more profitable. It is netted with telegraph lines (with the cheapest tariffs

* Successively, for instance, in 1846, Arillaga, Bravo, Salas, Santa Anna, and Farías; in 1847, Santa Anna, Anaya, Santa Anna, Peña y Peña and Anaya; in 1855, Santa Anna, Carrera, Alvarez, and Comonfort—etc.

in America), dotted with post-offices, schools, costly buildings for public business and public beneficence. It is freer than it was ever before—with free schools, free speech, free press. It is happier than ever before, and more prosperous than even in the bonanza days of the magnificent silver-kings of Zacatecas and Guanajuato. There are degrees, of course, by local variation of impulse or of opportunity; but there is progress everywhere—material, intellectual, moral.

If the visible prosperity of Mexico, in the face of certain of its circumstances, shall seem enigmatic to sane people whose sane views are based on radically unlike surroundings, yet only ignorance can deny the fact. Mexico is admirably prosperous, in spite of seven years' drouth; in spite of the Garza revolution (kindled in the United States, in ways and for reasons too complicated to be reviewed here); in spite of a national debt contracted when exchange was at from 8 to 16, and being paid with exchange at from 85 to 102; in spite even of cheap money. It has been a miracle of statesmanship, but a miracle which will never be repeated in a dissimilar land. I will try to explain, further on, how even so terrible a blow as the depreciation of silver was to Mexico has been turned to the advantage of a nation which lies in the hollow of one man's hand.

Perhaps the two things which most impressed me in this fairly thorough review of Mexico were the fever of municipal improvement and the sheer epidemic of public schools. These are but logical features of the Diaz administration; probably no more remarkable than the other methods of the digestion which has assimilated so chaotic a meal, but less familiar, since

they are but now ripening to the harvest. Peace had first to be secured ; and that cannot be had until it is no longer possible for rebels to combine and drill by the month before the government even hears of it. Commerce comes after railroads, telegraphs, and harbors, and political reform after commerce. And only now is the country ripe for the other development which has loomed logical but late in the statesmanship of a decade.

General Diaz came up by a revolution ; and that means debts as well as inheritances not of his choosing. There were accidental allies to be considered, and hold-overs who could not be all at once swept away—for stability is the first need and the first duty of any government. But both these factors are now practically eliminated. Diaz has outlived nearly all his first associates ; and in one of the most extraordinary games of chess ever played in statecraft he has shifted, cornered, or jumped the hold-over impossibles. There is left to-day in Mexico not one important figure that could by any reasonable probability set face against the government, nor one that is to its serious present discredit. The long era of dishonest officials, little and big, is past. There are no more brigand governors ; no more customs collectors wonted to “fix the accounts to suit themselves”—as a President once told a friend of mine to do. There is probably no other country in the New World whose whole public service is to-day so scrupulously clean ; and this large assertion is made neither carelessly nor ignorantly. One has not to remember long to a time when even the presidency of Mexico was a den of robbery ; nor half so far to thievish governors and petty officials.

But the Diaz administration has never had a stain of its own; and it has kept up its steady pressure until now not a state in the republic is spotted as to its local government.

Even to one as familiar with the swift development of parts of our West as with the more conservative growth of our East, it is surprising to watch the gait of almost every Mexican city in municipal improvements. Modern water-works to replace the fine old Spanish aqueducts; modern sewerage to replace the street sinks of centuries; modern lighting, modern transit, modern health departments; public buildings better than our average towns of the like population think they can afford; splendid prisons, markets, hospitals, asylums, training-schools—these are some of the things the “despotism” of Diaz is planting through the length and breadth of the country. As for schools, it sometimes made me smile, but oftener turned my eyes moist, to note the perfect mania to have them—and to have them of the best. Every state capital has its free public “model schools,” on which it lavishes a wealth of love and money; and the state earnestly follows its lead. There is now in Mexico no hamlet of one hundred Indians, I believe, which has not its free public school. The summer of 1896 saw a radical change. Hitherto the schools of the republic had been in charge of the municipalities, the federal government aiding in their support with about \$1,000,000 a year. In July the central government took direct charge of every public school in Mexico. This is to secure homogeneity in the system. For the men and women now in charge of the schools of Mexico, I must admit that I have never met a more faithful and enthusiastic

corps; and they are, on the average, very fairly fitted for their work. In every state there are normal schools, generously endowed by the government, for the fit training of these teachers; and the attendance is encouragingly large. There are also countless industrial schools, art schools, professional schools, and the like, not to mention the host of private schools, of which some are entirely admirable. The teaching of religion in public schools is absolutely prohibited. "That," President Diaz said to me, "is for the family to do. The state must teach only scholarship, industry, and patriotism. In the private schools we do not interfere with religious training. Beyond the standard we require of all, they may teach anything they like, so long as it is honorable and useful." The attitude of Mexico on this point is curious. There has been disestablishment throughout Spanish America, but it is not a usual sight to see a nation so rigidly, even so unmercifully, regulating the Church to which ninety-five per cent. of its population belong. The harsh laws of the *Reforma*—set by Juárez, and, curiously enough, maintained by Maximilian, who never could have sat down in Mexico at all but for the aid of the Church party in rebellion against the great Zapotec iconoclast—are still vital. Catholics have far less rope in Catholic Mexico than in the Protestant United States. Church processions are impossible—even a priest cannot legally walk the streets in his churchly garments. Probably a justifiable reaction against the tyranny to which centuries of absolutism—such is our poor human nature—had corrupted the missionaries, the equal tyranny of their suppression is logically not to last. I seem to detect even now traces of its gradual coming to a juster aver-

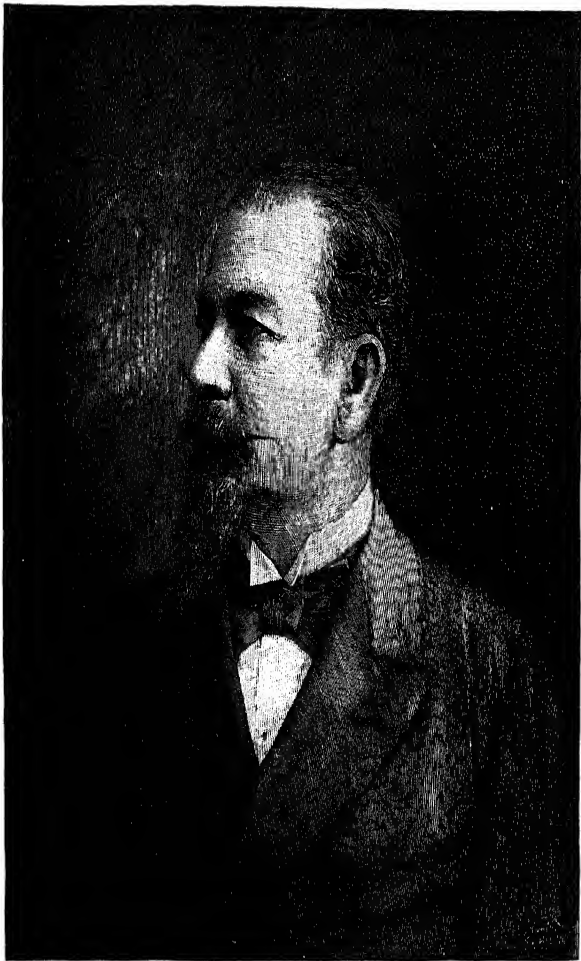
age. There is talk that the Sisters of Charity may presently be allowed to return to Mexico ; and while I have no means of knowing that this is true, my very faith in human reason makes it seem probable. Those who have watched the Yellow Death when it walks a city of the tropics, who have seen men fall rotting by the curb, deserted by brother and mother, but picked up by these daughters of God—aye, and has himself felt their tender mercy upon his broken shell—such a one will hope for Mexico thus much alleviation of its severity. There is no danger that the old abuses will return. They were of their age, but are now as past as our Salem.

II

ASTIR IN THE NORTH

ONE will look far in most countries to find a town of 20,000 souls which has more progressed in five years than has Chihuahua, the first place of consequence as one goes down from the United States by the chief railroad of Mexico—the Mexican Central.* Less than that time ago this enormous state was not the most scrupulously governed in the republic. Visibly and intrinsically it rather suggested that Mr. Tweed might be “running it.” To-day Chihuahua is a happy state; and its capital (of the same name) is almost a model little city. The Mexican commonwealths have all at last reasonable governors, but there are two eminent idols and figures of speech—Governor Reyes, of Nuevo Leon, and Governor Miguel Ahumada; both magnificent types of the physical man, and both executives for whom no state need blush. Perhaps only those who fully know the Latin-American character can guess how much of popularity this means: Not long

* The “Symon Concession,” subsidized at \$9500 per kilometre. San Luis Potosí also paid a subsidy on every kilometre in that state. Work on the line was begun in Mexico May 25, 1880, and shortly afterwards from El Paso. The rails met at the bridge of Encarnacion March 8, 1884, and the road was opened in the following month.



GOVERNOR MIGUEL AHUMADA, CHIHUAHUA

ago a scrubby *corrida* precipitated a riot at the bull-fight in Chihuahua; the raging populace invaded the ring, smashing things, and bent on worse. Suddenly the giant form of the governor was seen elbowing among them, and in a twinkling his stentorian speech had swerved the mob from madness, and set them to shaking the skies with their "Viva Ahumada!" They gave their entrance money to a charity.

But if this be insignificant to the stranger, the visible tokens of his progressiveness are all about the capital city of his state. Chihuahua has suddenly (within three years, that is) become populous with public schools, not to count several unusually good private ones. Instead of the former stuffy, rented rooms, there are cheerful, commodious, well-ventilated school-houses, with new American school furniture. Ahumada's special creation and pride are the free industrial schools, where rich or poor of either sex can have a utilitarian education. The Spanish had established industrial schools in America two centuries before we dreamed of them; but any one familiar with the Spanish system (which was merely the general mediæval system) of education for women can appreciate how typical of modern Mexico is this innovation. Indeed, I, who am not old, can remember when it would have been a miracle in New England. The Chihuahua training-school for girls has a hundred pupils. They learn (and by modern methods) book-keeping, telegraphy, type-writing, stenography, tailoring, dress-cutting, machine knitting, etc., and of course English. President Diaz is not what the dilettante might term a savant. He was fitted for the law, but the whole trend of his education up to maturity was

military. Yet he is one of the most studious men I know. It is wholly within bounds to say that no other ruler of our times has studied so hard in office; and he is, I believe, the only chief magistrate who ever added a new language to the accomplishments of his nation. In every public school of Mexico above the primary grade, in every private school, training-school, and college, English is a compulsory study. Spanish will never cease to be the language of half the area of this hemisphere, but in another generation Mexico is going to be equipped for business and pleasure in two languages—the two which dominate the Americas.

Schools have always more or less appealed to me; and with the sympathy for Latin America brought about by some alleviation of my first ignorances, the Latin-American school has been one of the most pathetic things I have known. But not in modern Mexico. I have never found brighter children, nor anywhere pupils so alert, as the thousands visited and talked with in this latest review of Mexico. There are degrees, of course, but all had such attention and such intention as were fit to make the blood tingle. Such vivid faces, such swift upward hands, such impetuous speech—and right as a trivet! I would like to see the seven-year-olds of the Escuela Anexa de Niños, in Chihuahua, for instance, pitted against any similar school of ours in a sum in mental arithmetic.

Not only in schools is Chihuahua awakened. The new state palace is a splendid building for the population it represents. The alamedas, parks, paseos, owed originally to the matchless Iberian liberality with these breathing-places, are being improved handsomely. Few

cities of ours of 20,000 inhabitants have anything like them. A first-class water system (based on the old Spanish aqueduct*), with all appliances for municipal and domestic use, has been completed recently; and the same expert engineer is now putting in a modern drainage system—with even a sewage farm.

It is a curious elbowing of old and new. The splendid parróquia,† one of the finest cathedrals in Mexico, stands unchanged from the old days when it was built with \$545,000 in contributions of a *redl* ‡ out of every mark§ of silver mined in the famous *tiros* of Santa Eulália; but around it the spirit of the nineteenth century is at work. Electric lights, iron-foundries, factories—even a quarter-million-dollar brewery—these are part of its new company. Beer is counted a missionary in Mexico—and not unwisely, if it may gradually wean the Indians from their benumbing pulque and inflammatory mescal. At any rate, there have come to be breweries all over the republic.

A \$20,000 hospital, just finishing, has been built actually by the people of Chihuahua; and in an afternoon's fair, in the beautiful park of Lerdo de Tejada, they raised \$4000 to send to the widows and orphans of the men buried by a great "cave" in the Santa Eulália mines. Such things indicate the stuff of which the tall Chihuahuans are made.

As Colonel Ahumada is governor, so Don Luis Ter-

* Begun in March, 1731; cost \$119,003. The present system has a 70-foot head at the plaza, and can deliver over a million gallons daily in the driest season.

† Founded 1727.

‡ A *redl* is father of our "bit," the eighth of a dollar.

§ A *marca* of silver in Mexico is eight ounces.

razas is "King of Chihuahua." He has been more than once its governor, and it was he who made the really remarkable campaign which obliterated Victoria, the foremost of Apaches, and not only won for Chihuahua peace after harried generations, but did more for the quiet of our own Territories than any one else has done except General Crook. Don Luis owns hundreds of leagues of Chihuahua, but is not an unpopular millionaire. When the new sewerage system for the city was projected, there was no hundred thousand dollars in the treasury for it. Governor Ahumada had in three years paid off the state debt, paid the debt of his predecessor's discreditable Temósochic (Indian) war, paid the \$123,000 for the new water-works, and paid up the salaries of the state officials, long in arrears. But if the treasury was lean, Don Luis was not. He offered to lend the city the \$100,000 for five years without interest—or longer if need be. This is mentioned not so much because it touches a man admired and loved by all who know him, as because it indicates the sort of citizens upon whom the guide of modern Mexico is able to count.

There is a touching fitness in this swift uprising of Chihuahua by the paths of progress. One can half imagine the sweet, sad, inspired face which looks down from the tall shaft in the Plaza de Hidalgo taking on new sweetness as it sees at its very feet the fulfillment of more, surely, than even Hidalgo ever dared hope. For next to the remote hamlet from whose church tower the patriot priest raised the midnight *grito* of Independence, Chihuahua is richest in memories of him. Here, in the bare room midway of the stone *caracol* in the tower of an unfinished Jesuit

church,* the betrayed "Washington of Mexico" suffered his last prison; and where the graceful monument rises he was shot, with his companion heroes, eighty-five years ago. One cannot look upon that remarkable face and fancy that he doubted the outcome; but even the faith of Hidalgo could not have bridged to the things that are. Almost where his executioners stood, to-day stands the state-house of a government of which any state might be proud; behind his monument is the handsome and crowded state college; and, adjoining that, two model public schools. The blood of martyrs has been the seed of a free nation.

There are in Chihuahua many other interesting things which I have never known discovered by the tourist; but the aim of these articles is to point out not so much the old as the new. It may, however, be fit for remark that it is a happy city which can present at once the advantages of modern civilization and the romantic picturesqueness of an era forever fled; and there is hardly a city in Mexico which has not these schools of the higher education of taste.

Unlike enough to Chihuahua, but still in the category of Mexican progress, are the little mining camps. Take, for instance, the hamlet of Sierra Mojada, in

* Outside is a tablet bearing this (Spanish) inscription:

"IN THIS TOWER SUFFERED HIS LAST IMPRISONMENT
THE LEADER OF THE INDEPENDENCE
MIGUEL HIDALGO Y COSTILLA,
FROM THE 23D OF APRIL TO THE 30TH OF JULY, 1811.
THIS STONE WAS PUT IN PLACE DEC. 1, 1888."

the state of Coahuila, at the terminus of the most profitable railroad in America (since the Panama bonanza has passed its palmy days). Sierra Mojada, said to be the most extensive carbonate camp in the world, may have in its group of villagelings two thousand people. Of course it is too small to dabble much in municipal improvements; but the public school is here, well housed, well furnished, and alert as the next.

Leon (founded 1576) is thus far one of the least progressive of Mexican cities. The mortal floods of 1888 (which so devastated Lagos also) came up to the plaza, and drove off 25,000 from its population of 105,000. Here are now 80,000 people without a bank—a case which cannot be paralleled elsewhere in the republic. I tried in vain at every considerable business house to sell a \$5 gold piece for within a dollar's worth of exchange. Yet Leon is a prosperous and contented city, full of little and big manufactures of yarn, hats, *sarapes*, denims, soap, *rebozos*, saddles, harness, and the beautiful *charro* suits of velvety kid-skin. And though behind its peers, it, too, is awakening to education and improvement. Its Teatro Doblado is surprisingly good; its Calzada ("Shod" park) impressive with giant *fresnos* and a triumphal arch; its market one any city of its size among us might envy. The Plaza de Armas is a particularly pleasing square, with its *portales* curiously Egyptianesque, their pillars painted red—and the cathedral, a whole square away from its legitimate Spanish-American place. Its schools are not up to the Mexican average. One of its hotels (De Diligencias) is more typical, and might be commended to our small-city bonifaces. For \$1.75 silver (then about ninety cents gold) a day, I had a

scrupulous and very comfortable room upon the pretty patio, a *desayuno*, and two excellent six-course meals. Leon is the inevitable metropolis of one of the loveliest and one of the most fertile basins of the Mexican plateau, and probably will not much longer lag behind its peers.

III

AMONG THE OLD BONANZAS

EXCEPT the capital, historically the most attractive city of Mexico to the American student is Zacatecas, the Place of Grass.* Here were the first bonanza mines in the New World, and here sprung up the first American millionaires. Not only that, but here was coined the money which permanently colonized the first corner of what is now the United States. Few cities have a more romantic history.†

In 1546 Joannes de Tolosa discovered the valley. Two years later he and his companions at arms—Cristóbal de Oñate, Baltasar Bañuelos de Temiño, and Diego de Ibarra—founded the city. The first mine located was that of San Bernabé; but the one most important to us was the Tajos de Pánuco, discovered by Oñate in the same year (June 11, 1548). It was this mine which laid the corners of the first vast fortune in America—the fortune which founded New Mexico. Cristóbal de Oñate was a typical cavalier—fearless, chivalrous, generous. For more than a generation his servants daily rang a great bell, and all came

* This is the meaning of the Aztec word, the plural of *zacatl*.

† Its charter was signed by Philip II. at San Lorenzo July 20, 1588.

who cared to and ate at his table. He founded the first chapel in Zacatecas—the little adobe pile known to-day as El Bracho, half a mile north of the city. His residence stood on the plaza, but modern buildings have usurped its place. His palace in the City of Mexico, next neighbor to the temple of Santo Domingo and the house of the Inquisition, survives; its *portales* occupied by cobblers and vendors of artistic junk. His son Juan—unspoiled by the natal silver spoon—married a granddaughter of Cortes,* but had by his ambition a larger child than she bore him. He organized an expedition which cost half a million before it moved; colonized New Mexico; founded San Gabriel de los Españoles (where Chamita now is) in 1598, and Santa Fé in 1605; explored our country from northern Nebraska to the Gulf of California;† and approved himself not only one of the most competent pioneers in American history, but an executive of high order. In our first pages there are few other figures so romantic and so stalwart as those of Juan de Oñate and his comrades, the brothers Zaldívar (Juan and Vicente)‡ and Gaspar de Villagran, the soldier-poet.

Except Cerro de Pasco in Peru, and Potosí in Bolivia, there have never been silver-mines like those of

* Doña Isabel Cortes Moctezuma.

† It was on the latter remarkable march that he left his name on that quaint register of early explorers, the Morro, or "Inscription Rock," in western New Mexico.

‡ Vicente de Zaldívar, hero of the most brilliant assault in all American history (the storming of the cliff "city" of Acoma, New Mexico, January 22, 23, and 24, 1599), founded the Jesuit college (for Indians) in Zacatecas in 1616. He married Maria de Oñate, a daughter of Juan.

Zacatecas and Guanajuato. Under the Spanish red-tape—one of the most complete routines in history—it is always possible to know just what was what. The Zacatecas mines have produced close on to a billion of dollars. The present output of the *partido* in precious metals is only about three and a half millions a year. Mining has shrunk of late—partly because of nine years' drouth in this state, partly because the rich need not imperil their money, and the poor have none to imperil; partly because the most wonderful of the old bonanza mines are down to too much water (at 500 to 600 feet) to be overcome by mule-and-drum pumps, while the scarcity of fuel forbids steam. Still it can hardly be called stagnation when a state with half a million people (as Zacatecas has in its 65,000 square kilometres) produces in its worst year six and a third millions of dollars from mines alone. The ores are sulphites, "ruby," and some native silver. Fresnillo is the only other *partido* that produces gold.

Even aside from its associations, Zacatecas is full of charm. There are but two cities in the New World more picturesque—La Paz (Bolivia) and Guanajuato. The metropolis of the Choqueyapu would not count prior except for its red-tiled roofs (which are more beautiful than any gray flat azoteas), and for the blue-white glaciers of Illimani imminent above it. Zacatecas sags in the heavy lap of concentric hills. There is not a level street. As in La Paz, whatsoever way you go is up; and it is not so well paved. But in the very elbows of its ways is dignity. No city north of the line is so stanchly built as this type of the Spanish-American capital. I do not understand a fate which has kept Ruskin from knowing the architecture which,

more than any other, would have set his heart afire—at once the honesty of the sixteenth century, the Moresque art of Spain, the added massiveness taught by the earthquake lands. First, of course, are the churches; and through the five thousand north-and-south miles of Spanish America these form a series of monuments scarcely to be matched elsewhere. Palaces, bridges, public buildings, even roads—all are fit for their company. One finds few things more discouraging than to know well the architecture of Latin America and then come back to that of our contracted cities.

The chief landmark of Zacatecas—the hill on which Tolosa found the savages intrenched—is the striking hogback known as the *Bufa*, which does *not* mean “the buffalo,” despite the beprinted tourist. The founders of the city were *Viscainos*; and *Bufa* is the Biscayan word for *vejiga de cerdo*.^{*} Up the flanks of this hill and those of its neighbors clamber the cubic houses of Zacatecas; and in the tortuous ravine are the towers and domes of a host of churches. The city is full of aqueducts, of which the chief is the fine league-long pile built by the corregidor Villareal in the middle of the last century; a delightful setting for those who know (as few seem to) where to seek the most typical views of the Very Loyal and Very Noble City of the Nativity of Our Lady.[†] The great curse

^{*} Pig’s bladder. The word has also been adopted by Mexican miners for what ours call a “blow-out.”

[†] It was discovered on her feast-day. The coat of arms (granted by Philip II., 1588) was a shield showing the *Bufa* with a silver cross on top, and the image of Our Lady in the face of the cliff. Below, the coronal cipher of Felipe II. In

of Zacatecas is the scantiness and wretchedness of its limy water-supply. At the city *pilas*—notably that of the Plazuela Villareal—the procession of water-carriers is amazing and pathetic. Women, dipping with their gourd *omates* a drop at a time from the crowded basin, take two hours sometimes to fill their shoulder-load *ollas*.

But with all its airs of antiquity—its vast old churches, its hotels housed in splendid convents, and its populous state-prison, quartered in the bulk of Santo Domingo and the Inquisition until such time as a model penitentiary can be built, its multitudinous Rebeccas at the well, its mining “patios” all the way down the cañon, its warped streets—the virus of the new has “taken” in Zacatecas. It is not so unusual that a quarter-million-dollar theatre (the “Calderon”) is being finished as I write; for splendid theatres are rather likelier to be found in Latin America than elsewhere in this hemisphere.* Nor are hospitals an innovation, in the country which had better ones three centuries ago than there were in England. But a strictly modern hospital, costing \$250,000, is nearly finished in Zacatecas; and its appointments are new, if its aims are not. The schools are in excellent condition, and progressing. The respective normal schools for males and females, the preparatory schools, the Institute of Sciences (engineering, law, medicine, etc.), are all well filled and well conducted. It goes without

the upper corners, the sun and moon. In the skirts of the cliff, the portraits of the four founders, with the motto “*Labor omnia vincit*.” In the border, five fists of arrows and five of bows.

* For instance, such as the “Degollado” in Guadalajara, or the Parthenon in the city of Guatemala.

saying that the Church has theological schools here, as everywhere else. The state of Zacatecas has 240 schools for boys, 169 for girls, and 166 mixed—the last for populations too small to have “separate” schools. It is curious to note that the average annual pay of male teachers is \$415; of female, \$505. The enrollment of these schools (1895) was 19,251 boys and 12,061 girls.

At Guadalupe, three miles south of the city, is the *hospicio*, or asylum, with 222 boys and 150 girls. This is typical in every one of the United States of Mexico. An orphan babe can be, on the day of its birth, placed in a governmental orphanage, where it will be tenderly reared and trained up to six years old. Without the loss of a day it can then be put in an *hospicio*, to be educated and taught a trade and maintained until its majority—twenty-one years of government fathering. Possibly it may become us, in our present circumstance, not to look down too disdainfully upon a nation which is doing this for its foundlings, and so much for its children in general.* There are naturally various grades of merit among the *hospicios*, but their average is high, and some of them are among the most admirable public institutions I have known. The state college of Zacatecas is full; and so are the professional schools. As in every other Mexican city nowadays, there are also free night schools for the working-classes. Relatively dull as Zacatecas is, it is in striking contrast to an ex-bonanza in the United States, as these very facts point. It (like its types in all

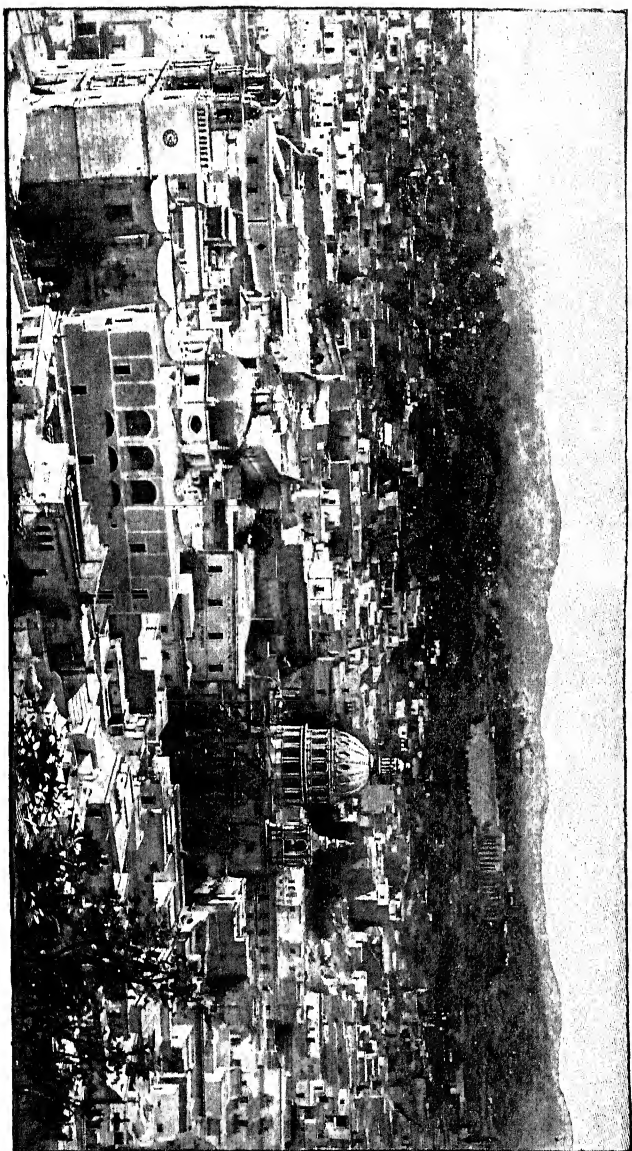
* It is also fair to mention the fact that infanticide, in any “degree,” is a civilized invention as yet wholly unknown in Spanish America.

Spanish America) was not merely a place for gutting the earth. Even among miners was the home idea as it never was with our Virginia Cities.

If Zacatecas and La Paz dispute precedence in picturesqueness, there is no question about Guanajuato. It is the most picturesque city in the New World, the delight and despair of the artist—who can never get it all, nor rest short of getting all he can. More huddled and more distorted than Zacatecas, climbing to every point of the compass by white steps from the great ravine into which it looks to have rained, twisted in every street to the whim of the wayward hills, uneven, indirect, and lawless, it is the most artistic of cities. Areas of it (particularly against San Miguel and its opposite hill) are vividly like Jerusalem; but the Holy City is a comparative toy. In parts it is wonderfully suggestive of the prehistoric terraced pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona—but vastly greater. First and last, it is—itself: a special standard of reckless beauty.

Arrieros tramping to Zacatecas behind their cargo-mules in 1554 discovered Guanajuato,* and the usual swift development followed. In the beginning of this century Humboldt found two Guanajuato mines—the famous “Conde de Valenciana” and the “Marques de Rayas”—producing annually 550,000 marks (4,400,000 ounces) of silver—one-seventh or one-eighth of the entire American output. From January 1, 1787, to June 11, 1791, the Valenciana yielded 13,896,416

* It became a *villa* (town) by royal grant of 1619; and in 1741 a city full-fledged.



A BIT OF GUANAJUATO

ounces of silver, its ore averaging a little over 100 ounces to the ton. Though flooded, this fine old mine is still far from exhausted. One could write a volume of fascinating true incidents (eliminating the equal fables) of the old Mexican mines—even a volume on those of Guanajuato. It was the inevitable story, even where camp fires roasted silver buttons from the soil—the accident by which so many famous Mexican mines were discovered. There were wonderful fortunes, and streets paved for squares with silver ingots for the christening procession of some purple-born, and twenty-ton silver railings for a church altar, and all that; and there were—the other fellows. Agustín de Zavala, nearly three centuries ago, after paying \$800,000 in fifths to the king from his mine, was buried by charity. Bartolomé Bravo de Acuña rendered unto Cæsar the *quintas* that were Cæsar's, to the tune of a million and a half—and his heirs had not even a house to live in. They were robust in virtue as in vice, these cavaliers of early Mexico—like Don Manuel Correa, the miner who won \$18,000 at cards one night, and next day gave it and \$7000 more to the Convent of San Agustín—which is still one of the landmarks of Zacatecas, though now a hotel not conducive to piety.*

* In 1575 Don Gerónimo de Orozco, President of the *Real Audiencia* of Guadalajara, authorized the founding of this convent, and the land was given a year later. It was the above-mentioned bonanza-king, Zavala, who built the present edifice at his proper cost, in 1613. Under the *Reforma* (1857-1860) the property was "denounced" by General Jesús Gonzales Ortega, and bought in by him for a song. The convent was made into a hotel—as noble in architecture as it is wretched

There was some difficulty in spending a bonanza income. The flooded mine of the Quebradilla was taken up by a company and drained at a vast expense, but cleared over \$200,000 for them. In 1775 another great drainage tunnel was constructed, and the operators made \$2,000,000. At the beginning of the last century the Pabellon de Sombrerete paid its three owners \$20,000 a day for five years; and it has produced in all two hundred millions of dollars. One Zacatecas miner paved the street with ingots from the Casa de Gobierno to the Parróquia (between fifty and sixty yards) for a christening procession. In 1800 the Viceroy Azanza passed a *bando* forbidding godfathers to fling handfuls of coin into the street on such occasions. It was easy come, easy go, as always where there are bonanzas; with the one difference that even a parvenu Spaniard spends his money not like a parvenu, but like a prince. The first Conde de Valenciana came to America not a pauper, but a poor man. In the best year he took out from his famous mine \$1,200,000 net; and in the last quarter century of his life the clear annual output of that worthy hole in the ground was never under \$400,000. It used a little matter of eighty tons of powder a year. He was counted a man of greatly conservative and moderate

in service—in 1863. The Presbyterians bought the church portion of the building for \$25,000 (possibly one-sixth of its value) and dedicated it to their services in July, 1882.* The American missions to “convert” Mexicans from one Christian church to another meet a notable tolerance in Mexico, considering their errand, and maintain small congregations of the lower class, who attend for motives not wholly unselfish or religious.

life, and certainly was not of those who threw money at the birds; but he left an estate of only \$2,000,000 * outside of the mine. The Marques de Fagoaga took out a net \$4,000,000 in six months from one vein in Sombrerete. Not long before the beginning of this century the Fagoaga family lent a friend \$700,000 without interest—and the friend lost it all in trying to find a mine as rich as the “Veta Negra” of Sombrerete. “Princely,” after all, seems a rather laggard word to keep up with this sort of thing—or with the like free hand of the Count of Regla. That cavalier (whose fortune spouted from the smitten rock of La Vizcayna, near Pachuca) built in Havana two of the largest ships of the line (112 guns) of solid mahogany and Spanish cedar, and presented them to his sovereign as blithely as one might send up a bouquet. He also lent the crown \$1,000,000. In Tasco † a French miner, Joseph de Laborde, “struck it rich” in the Cañada de Tlapujahua. By way of gratitude he built (about 1650) the splendid church there, and endowed it. The building alone cost him upwards of \$400,000.

It may be added that these are not “prospector’s assays.” A man did not “boom” his mine in the days when a deadly fifth of its product went to the crown. The figures for Mexican mines under the Spanish régime are assessor’s figures, not the ciphers of stock-markets. And I wish to point the serene

* The mine had a good appetite, for one thing. Three of its shafts cost \$1,800,000.

† The ancient Tlaxco, where was the first “coinage” in the New World. Certain little hatchets of bronze were made there for currency. Whence the corrupted name “tlaco” or “claco” for the smallest Mexican copper coin.

truth that amid all the splendor, the display, the corrupting waste of Spanish mining in all America, there was never the remotest taint of the cold, cutthroat manipulation which has characterized "American" mining after the simple placers. The mines of Spanish America always were (and still are, except in some cases of foreign ownership) worked as mines and not for the stock-market. Perhaps no one can quite spell the difference to whom "Con. Virginia" is but a name.

It is also fit to say just here that while, as in mining always, there was tremendously in Mexico (more than with us, since we have never had at all the same conditions of labor in any of our mining for the precious metals) the vast disparity of classes, it is wholly unwarranted to speak of the down-treading of the Indian laborers. They were poor only as a man is poor whose enough is little. They were not (despite the arm-chair historian) slaves. There was no *mita* in Mexico; no compulsory labor in mines; no labor without wages. The Indian who did not like the mine, or its *administrador*, or its wages, was perfectly free to go elsewhere—or to stay out altogether. "Nowhere," said Humboldt, at the beginning of this century, "do the common people enjoy the fruits of their labor more than in Mexico. The Indian laborer is poor, but he is free. *His condition is much preferable to that of the peasantry of a large part of northern Europe.*"*

In 1557 the "patio process" of treating silver ores was invented in Pachuca by a miner who deserves im-

* *Essai Politique.*

mortality, Bartolomé de Medina. About 70 per cent. of the silver mined in Mexico since has been treated by that process. In five years Zacatecas had already thirty-two haciendas for this method of *beneficiando*. All the way up the cañon, from Marfil to Guanajuato, these interesting establishments can be seen in operation—the slow-trundling dry-crusher, the stone-tub *arrastra* which grinds wet, the huge patio with its mud “omelet” salted with quicksilver and stirred by patient blindfold mules and bare-legged peons. For the average silver ores of Mexico this is the cheapest and best reduction, the normal loss being less than 6 per cent. This cañon of Marfil is as interestingly typical of Spanish America as the like area well can be. Its roadway, its splendidly walled ravine, and its feudal castles of reduction works (which look rather less like what our mills are than like what our public buildings might be) are impressive even to the traveller by the intermittent mule-car, and an unfading memory to those who seriously explore it all.

As at Zacatecas, and for the same reasons, mining in Guanajuato is dull. Yet it goes on steadily. A curious company (American, of course) has recently been formed to “wash” the bed of the little river—down which, in three centuries and a half, some five hundred millions in silver and mercury is computed to have run away.

But if the mines just now lag, Guanajuato does not. The capital of its state, it is the home of a good governor, and its hunchbacked streets echo progress. The city is spending about \$150,000 a year on municipal improvements—something fair for a town of 25,000; and contrast enough to the bo-

nanza days when 8000 people died in Guanajuato of famine.*

The present administration has completed the Teatro Juárez, the most splendid theatre in Mexico, if not in America. Beautiful modern residences are springing up along the picturesque ravine which winds down from the newer reservoir Presa de la Olla. The city has a first-class high-pressure water-service, and, of course, electric lights—as has every Mexican population of any consequence. The schools are populous and prosperous. The state college has 300 pupils. The ancient mint, which has coined so many hundreds of millions, is still at work; the noble old churches (like the Cathedral, the Parróquia, and San Diego with its carved porphyry) hold their own—and their next neighbor is to be a modern system of sewerage. It is one of the typical anachronisms of Mexico the new—this picturesque city, which was already luxurious a century before any population of 20,000 English-speaking people was in the New World, still full of its ancient landmarks, yet with the facilities of the nineteenth century's end. Telegraph, telephone, electric light, and their concomitants are everywhere in Mexico. As for the phonograph, an enterprising Mexican lady lamented to me the other day that she had lost several thousand dollars by her investment, the invention was already so *vulgarizado* in all parts of the republic. As for territory, that tributary to Guanajuato and Zacatecas is second to none in the world—the richest silver deposits and the most fertile fields in alliance. Nearly a

* A black frost on the 28th of August, 1784, killed the corn. In all Mexico, that year, 300,000 perished of the Hunger.

hundred years ago the greatest of cosmographers declared that the best lands of New Spain were those which stretch from Salamanca past Silao to Leon. The mines, of course, developed the vast garden which to-day is the wonder of the traveller that fairly measures it; and now the child supports its (temporarily, perhaps) infirm parent. It is curious to remember that ninety-three years ago Guanajuato was the second largest city in the New World—Mexico being first and Havana third.

Querétaro—significant to the historian as the last page in the tragedy of poor, well-meaning, weak-jawed Maximilian; and fascinating to the collector as the home of the most beautiful opals (*if* he knows how to find them)—is no less attractive to the economist. Its charming plaza, fine churches, admirable market, impressive aqueduct,* and rich associations of history are not so typical of awakening Mexico as are its suburban industries. A scant league south are the magnificent Hercules cotton-mills, the model factory, perhaps, of America; and nearer the centre, the hardly less important annexes for making prints, etc. Founded by the Spaniard Cayetano Rúbio a generation ago, at a cost of several millions, these mills are now owned by a Spanish-English stock company. Over 1700 operatives are employed, and every department is fitted with the finest modern machinery.† Wages range from twenty-five cents a day (for

* Built 1726–1738, at a cost of \$124,791.

† In 1803 Querétaro had twenty *obrdes* (factories) and three hundred home looms, consuming about eight hundred tons of wool a year.

the cheapest boys) up to five dollars, the ordinary workman receiving seventy-five cents. I know no factory in the United States which is such a missionary of beauty to its employees. Its lovely patios of tropical flowers, its fountains, its \$18,000 Carrara marble Hercules at the main mill, and other fine statues at the annexes—these are educators not many corporations give their workmen. But this eye for the artistic is rather habitual in Mexico, and the usual factory there is beautified in a way that would seem absurd to many of us. Possibly such settings as those of Hercules, of La Constancia (near Puebla), of the mills of Orizaba, and others, are not going to affect the mind of the operative. Possibly, also, Evolution is a fool.

Nothing is more characteristic of the present Mexico than the multiplying of manufactures. There *are* countries in America where million-dollar factories are not exactly springing up; but Mexico is of another catalogue. At the falls of Juanacatlan—the Niagara* of Mexico—a 28,000 spindle cotton-mill, to employ a thousand operatives, is just ready for work. On the Rio Blanco, near Orizaba, a four-million-dollar cotton-mill is building. About Puebla half a dozen are going up, costing from a quarter of a million to a million apiece, besides the extensive establishments which have so long prospered Puebla. And so nearly all over the republic. It is significant, too, that this new development has yet barely begun in the richest portions of Mexico. If such progress has come in the

* If you will oblige me, let us call this, as its Indian god-fathers did, Nee-a-gáh-ra; and not for the moment forget that sonorous vocable in our flat corruption of it.

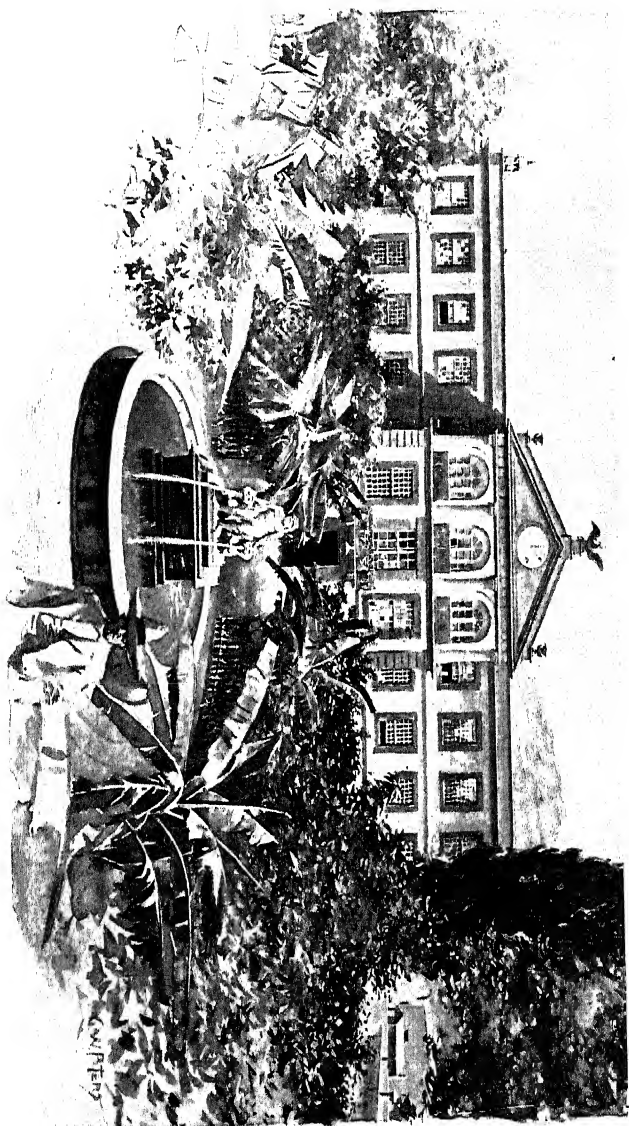
dry corners, what will it be when the tropic wealth of Guerrero, Vera Cruz, Chiapas, and the like shall be exploited? So many tourists judge Mexico by the arid steppes of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Zacatecas—the thousand half-desert miles they traverse between our border and the capital—never guessing that while this bare plateau is so much of Mexican geography, it is so little of Mexican resources. The huge and marvelously rich west coast; the big, luxuriant group of southern states; the smaller but magnificent Gulf lowlands—these are what are to make Mexico. No other country on this continent runs such a gamut of climates, and therefore of natural products. And the nation which, ever since the beginnings of American history, has been pre-eminent by her mines, is now to be richer in the output of her furrows. If schools, municipal improvements, railroad and harbor development, and factories have become suddenly epidemic, the renaissance of agriculture is no less remarkable—or, rather, the invention; for it is the first time in Mexican history that the soil has really been called upon to declare itself.

The Spanish crown colonized the New World by the only effective policy, of which a large feature was the grant of enormous areas to deserving pioneers. It was part of the statecraft which is still the wonder of the scholar; and it was approved by its result—the most successful uphill colonization in human history. But now America is settled, and land grants and untaxed principalities are outgrown. For centuries the revenues of Spanish America have been derived from everything except the one safe, ultimate basis. Import and export duties, stamp acts, fifths, license taxes,

inter-state taxes, city front-door taxes—everything but a tax on land. For three hundred and fifty years the mediæval *alcabalas* have been adding new barbs to the fences between state and state. It was almost a civil war of finance. Each state made its own duties, to protect its own products and discriminate against those of its neighbors. It became almost as astounding an economic fetichism as the notion (said to be visible in a country I have heard of) that all you have to do to make money “easy” is to make plenty of whatever you may choose to call money. It is needless to add that these inter-state fences had largely paralyzed internal trade.

But all that is swept away. Several years ago Diaz abolished the *alcabala chiquita*—the petty tax on backloads. On the 1st of July, 1896, he put in force the most important economic change that ever befell Mexico. For the first time in three and a half centuries the *garitas* (municipal customs-gates) of all Mexico stood open and unguarded. The *alcabalas* were wiped out. Wondering Indians with burro train or gunwale-deep *chalupa* waited, sneaked ahead, looked back for some one to rush out and tax them for entering town. They had heard of it—but who would be so many fools as to believe that there was no more toll at the *garita*? I watched the morning and noon and night of that great day for Mexico, and it was as pathetic as humorous. Those who have scoured the republic with a few gross of photographic plates, or some like prey of the local tax-collector, can realize what it means to be able now to enter any city unharassed, after once being *registrado* at the national frontier.

ENTRANCE TO THE HERCULES MILLS



No other one piece of legislation has meant so much for Mexico; and it is characteristic of Diaz. It has been the vision of a generation. No revolution since the *Reforma* but has had for a chief rallying-cry "Down with the *alcabalas*!" Yet any government which had dared abolish them would have been overturned in a month. It means coming to the sane final tax on lands; therefore the breaking up of the enormous uncultivated holdings—distinctly legislation favorable to the poor and (temporarily) unfavorable to the rich—and it would have meant a revolution wherever there was a wealthy *hacendado*. Even Diaz dared not make this tremendous innovation three years earlier. This "dictator" is a rather conservative ruler. Through at least a decade he has waited patiently for time to ripen to this change; and his judgment of season is approved by the result. These millions of revenue* have to be made up. It means a notable stiffening of the "direct contribution"; but though business-men have growled at paying the immediate piper, they realize that the enormous internal development which is inevitable under the new dispensation will more than repay them.

By the way, it is curiously significant of simpler-hearted stages of the world how trades are still differentiated in Mexico. Broadly speaking, one may know a man's derivation by his shop; for the exceptions are only enough to prove the rule. Textile manufactures are controlled by Mexicans and Spaniards; the sugar output by Mexicans; and, rather oddly, most of

* The *garita* of the capital alone produced seven millions a year.

the bakers are of the same blood. Brewing is in the hands of Alsatians. Shoemaking is mostly done by Mexicans, with some Spaniards; and contractors and dealers in material are Mexicans. Plumbers are English; bicycle, sewing-machine, and agricultural implement men mostly Americans, of course—as are also most of the railroad men. The dry-goods trade throughout the Republic is mostly in the hands of Frenchmen; so are the tailor shops. The shirtmakers are French and Spanish; the large jewellers all Germans (and mostly Jews), the innumerable small ones Mexican and Spanish—a cropping-out of heredity, perhaps, from the Arabs who invented timepieces. The hardware shops are kept by Germans, the grocery stores all by Spaniards, the smithies by Mexicans—as are the tinshops, saddleries, and butcher shops. Cigars and cigarettes (the only forms in which Mexican tobacco is marketed) are manufactured almost exclusively by Spaniards and Mexicans, though in the capital two important French firms are now in the trade. One of the latter (the *Buen Tono*) is among the largest and best equipped cigarette factories in the world. It is a co-operative concern, with 1300 employees besides the clerical force, runs 150 cigarette machines, and uses up 8000 pounds of tobacco a day. It has its own electric-lighting plant and lithographing establishment, and its capital is a million. It went into the manufacture of unglued cigarettes while we were still smoking five per cent. paste. Every Mexican city has still its own tobacco factories, extensive in the aggregate at least, though now scattered and averaging smaller than when the weed was a monopoly of the crown. In 1803, for instance, the Royal Factory at Querétaro

alone (far enough from the fields) had 3000 operatives, of whom 1900 were women, and turned out over \$2,200,000 worth of cigars and cigarettes a year. These early factories, like the vast majority of the present small ones, produced hand-made goods exclusively.

IV

SURFACE GOLD

FOR three hundred and fifty years Mexico has been rich by not much else than mines; and a fantastic, perilous wealth it is. As every student of mining countries knows, the life is a kaleidoscope of extraordinary contrasts; crazy luxury and great misery; the few rich, the many poor; the carelessness of all other than money standards; the looseness which accompanies any form of gambling. It is a glittering, barbaric life, but not just what the soberest patriot would wish to befall his native country.

But to-day—though it is a conservative estimate that not 10 per cent. of the mineral wealth of Mexico has been exploited—mines are becoming a secondary consideration. Not that they are failing, but that other industries are being born. Commerce, growing through the new and costly harbors and the lavishly subsidized railroads; the product of multiplying mills; the swift, new development of agriculture—these are the safer bonanzas which are engaging more and more attention, not only from Mexicans, but from the increasing army of foreign investors. Cereals are always a heavy factor in the national output. Already at the beginning of this century they ran up to about \$24,000,000 a year, which somewhat exceeded the production of pre-

cious metals; and the disparity has rapidly increased since.

Corn has always been the chief vegetable product of America, whence the Spanish conquest first gave it to the Old World. A century ago the annual yield in Mexico was about 25,000,000 bushels. It still holds its own as king of cereals in this hemisphere.

Wheat, of course, is not a native American. Its first introduction to the continent was in Mexico. A negro slave of Cortez found three or four grains of it among the rice of his rations, and planted them with due care—before 1530.* From this humble and accidental beginning great things have come. In Europe, wheat produces about fivefold; in Mexico, anywhere from twenty-two-fold to one hundred-fold. Its average productiveness is in Mexico five times what it is in fertile France.

Potatoes, which are native to Ecuador and Peru, were unknown in Mexico until after the Conquest; but are now produced in abundance and fine quality. Tomatoes, as the name implies (Aztec "tomatl") are indigenous. So is the *oca* (*oxalis tuberosa*), and so are cochineal, † several varieties of añil (indigo; the name is a corruption of the Arabic *nir-o-nil*; it was the ink of the *conquistadores* up to 1550); and so is the utile

* Thus antedating Peru, where Doña Maria de Escobar planted a few stray grains and distributed the crop, twenty kernels at a time, to the colonists. Fray José Rixi introduced wheat into Ecuador.

† This insect tenant of the cactus, now neglected, was of enormous importance in olden Mexico. At the beginning of this century the exports amounted to over three million dollars. Cholula alone in 1581 produced 100,000 pounds.

maguëy (agave Americana). This latter is perhaps the most characteristic vegetal product of Mexico. Next to corn and the potato, it is the most useful plant of highland America. Nothing else in Mexican agriculture is so striking as the vast maguëy plantations—which are at their perfection in the valleys of Apam, Cholula, and Toluca. It was not only the fibre-supply for the ancient makers of paper, but was already before the Conquest, as it is to-day, the vegetable spring whence flowed the chief drink of Mexico. An idea of its importance economically may be had from the fact that the railroads centering in the City of Mexico are now receiving \$40,000 a week, the year through, in freights on *pulque* alone. Humboldt noted an Indian woman who died in Cholula, during his stay there, and left her heirs a maguëy plantation worth \$80,000.

Mescal, the aloe brandy, is colorless, high-proof, and quite undeserving of the jeers of travellers more concerned to be smart than to be exact—or who sample the worst they can find. It is pure, less marked in taste than any unadulterated grape brandy, and, though potent as spirits of such proof are meant to be, is unpursued by swollen after-thoughts. The excellence of that of Tequila has caused good *mescal* in general (and sometimes bad, among bad dealers) to be called by that *marca*. *Mescal* already begins to be shipped to France, and will be more so. It is worth four bits the gallon, out-bound, and \$4 the bottle (plus label) when it returns as cognac to the United States.

Cotton is foreordained to be one of the chief productions, as it is already the chief staple of manufacture. It is native to the soil, and was cultivated and woven by the prehistoric Mexicans. The production

of it is not so large as it should be—and as it will be when the matchless cotton-lands from Sinaloa to Colima and along the Gulf coast shall come into play. Mexican mills are at present importing a million and a quarter of dollars' worth of cotton from the United States annually; but the quantity is decreasing about 30 per cent. a year as home production advances.

Coffee is just now the shibboleth, and great areas are being planted. In 1897 the coffee crop will be twice what it was in 1896, and by 1899 it will have doubled again. In 1894-95 it had increased twenty-four-fold in nine years. To the United States alone, in the year ending June 30, 1897, Mexico sent nearly 29,000,000 pounds of coffee. It is probably just as well for the foreigner in Mexico to plant something else for the present—bearing in mind the price of potatoes in California in '49 and '50, and of latter-day oranges. Mexican coffee bears comparison with any in the world, and is already largely cutting into our imports from Brazil and Guatemala; but markets never thank those that hurry them.

Chocolate has a great future in Mexico, as it had a prehistoric past. Its very name is Aztec—*chóco-latl*. It was a favorite drink there 500 years ago; and the cacao nuts were the first Mexican currency. To this day no one knows the inner meaning of a cup of chocolate who has not been initiated in Mexico or Peru. Thousands of square miles of Mexico are perfectly adapted to the growing of cacao; but at present little attention, relatively, is paid this promising crop. The same may be said of vanilla, another native product. Most of what is raised comes from Vera Cruz and Oaxaca.

Financially one of the most important vegetal products of Mexico, *in esse* and still more *in posse*, is tobacco.* The average American knows about his cigar—what it cost; and prefers to smoke a name. In time, however, he will learn. Mexico raises tobaccos of the finest quality—as well as many that are medium. The weed of Tepic is admirable; that of San Andres de Tuxtla superior; and as for Huimanguillo, there are not a dozen Habana brands that come anywhere near it. In Mexico an American can buy for five cents gold literally the best “smoke” he ever knew; and for two cents far better than he is accustomed to at home. As for the universal cigarette, a very ill sort (yet better than our best) may be had in Chihuahua, native; whereas some *marcas* of Orizaba and Vera Cruz are, without exception, peerless. Mexican tobacco, though mostly consumed at home, is making headway against tradition. For the year ending June 30, 1897, we bought in the United States nearly \$300,000 worth of it—an increase of about 95 per cent. over the year preceding.

Rubber—which becomes more important every year, as we need more and find less—is an industry barely born in Mexico. There are but two plantations of over 5000 trees; yet millions of acres in the republic are as perfectly adapted to caoutchouc-culture as the most favored spots in the Amazonas of Peru. It grows wild on the Pacific slope of Oaxaca; in Chiapas, the Tabasco, Campeche, Tuxtepec (up to the river Quiotepec), on the Coatzacoalcos, etc. The

* It is curious that this now universal word is Arua, and native of Hayti. It properly means pipe. The Nahuatl name of the leaf is *yetl*; the Incas called it *sairi*.

enormous backbone of Mexico—the 2000-mile north-central plateau, of 4000 to 8000 feet elevation—is already an important cereal country, and scientific irrigation, such as we have in California and Arizona, will vastly multiply its product. Every fruit grows in Mexico; broadly speaking, no fruit whatever (except strawberries) has ever been really cultivated there. I have never found a strictly first-class orange below the Tropic of Cancer; but when the grower shall learn to prune and cultivate, there is no knowing what he may harvest. Bernal Diaz introduced the orange into Mexico over three hundred and fifty years ago, but until recently it has never cut a large figure for exportation. This year the sister republic sends us more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth, marking an annual increase of about 20 per cent. in the industry. If culture does for fruit here what it has done elsewhere, Mexico—so much nearer our great markets—is like to have something to say in them, to the distinct disadvantage of certain remoter sources of present supply.

As for strawberries, Izaak Walton should have lived to visit the Irapuato of to-day. Not so much for the six-pound basket of *fresas* he can buy at the train for two bits—and the basket alone is worth that—but to go to the gardens. There he would conclude that God not only could but *did* make a better berry than the angler's friend ever knew.

This is but a small enumeration of the agricultural riches of Mexico, though it covers the large items. It omits the precious woods (and in dyewoods alone the one state of Campeche does a million dollar business yearly); the silk-culture, to which large areas are per-

fectly adapted;* rice, which will be a great matter; cane-sugar, which is manufactured on an enormous and fast-rising scale, the venerable *trapiches* giving way to modern machinery,† and a score of other important products. Between the extremes of its marvellous climatic range from *tierra caliente* to *tierra fria*, Mexico can produce, and commercially, not alone every article she needs for herself, but (as Humboldt justly observed) every crop known to the civilized world. Despite its latitude, two-thirds of its lands belong to the temperate zone, and only one-third to the tropics. Sitting astride the longest mountain system on earth, its head touches the eternal snows, while its feet dabble in seas of everlasting summer. It is competent to support—and well—a population of at least seventy-five millions.

These observations are sketchy, but they are typical indices of the new life in the northern and poorer half of the republic. To understand broadly all the meaning of this regeneration, one must come intelligently to the palatial city which has been by turns Tenochtitlan, the ancient pueblo of the Nahuatl confederacy; the gorgeous capital of the viceroys; and (now) the model of a nation—the head and heart of modern Mexico.

* In the summer of 1896, a striking display of silk-growing was made in Irapuato with due rejoicing, where Hipólito Chambon is father of the modern industry. Cortez himself introduced the mulberry and silkworm; and by 1560 there was a considerable production of silk about Puebla, Pánuco, and Oaxaca.

† The first *caña dulce* in the New World was planted in Santo Domingo by Pedro de Atienza in 1520, and soon spread to Cuba and Mexico. Cortez built a crushing-mill near Cuyua-can, and devised it to his heirs.

V

THE HEART OF THE NATION

IT has pleased that certain class of historians whose emotions swell with distance and the dark to depict the Spaniard as having destroyed some Utopian civilization of the Aztecs and replaced it with his inferior own. To this amiable freak of prejudice and the arm-chair there is but one competent answer—go and see. In science, at least, we are lapsing from that fine honesty of the good old times when it was deemed perfectly fit to play Recording Angel to lands and peoples we had never clapped eye on. Thanks to the non-romantic school, wherein Lewis H. Morgan and his cumulative successors have replaced closet guess-work and rhetorical trances with common-sense and documentary research and the field, we know now just what the “empire” of “Montezuma” was. It is instructive to stand here in the heart of what was once the chief pueblo of the Nahuatl confederacy—of tribes banded for immunity in robbing their neighbors—and look and remember.

Civilization is measured by its fruits of hand and head and heart. Just yonder was the reeking *teocalli*, upon whose pyramid five hundred captives in a day had their still contracting hearts flung before Huitzilopochtli, and their carcasses kicked down the staircase

to be ceremonially devoured by the multitude—where stands now the largest Christian church in America, and one of the noblest. To the left, on the ground where dwelt the war-chief—head of a government whose principal politics was to massacre, enslave, and rob the neighbor tribes—is to-day the venerable Mount of Pity, one of the most beneficent charities in any land. In front, among stores rich in every product of modern commerce, is the hall of a city government which has for centuries cared for the needy, restrained the rich, and spent vast sums in municipal improvements for health, security, comfort, and even æsthetic training. To the right is the palace, occupied for centuries by a central government which at its worst was far more merciful, more intelligent, and more progressive than any tribal organization ever knew. Within revolver-shot are the cradles of printing, education, art, and organized charity in the New World; for all these things came a century and a half to two centuries and a half earlier in Mexico than in the United States. Bishop Zumárraga set up here, in 1536, the first printing-press in the Western Hemisphere; one did not reach the English colonies till 1638.

In 1584 this same pioneer press printed the first music in America. The first New World attempt at a newspaper was the *Mercúrio Volante* (Flying Mercury), Mexico, 1693—about a dozen years ahead of our colonies.*

Here are the first American schools, colleges, museums, hospitals, asylums—even schools and training-

* And antedating the *Didrio Erudito* of Peru, and its successor, the *Mercúrio Peruano*, by about a century.

schools for Indians;* even hospitals for Indians and negroes. In the year 1803, by-the-way, the hospitals of the City of Mexico had already an aggregate of 1100 beds. It is entirely safe to say that no other city in the world with the population (then about 140,000) could match this. Certainly no city of ours approaches that proportion to-day.

On every side, where were the squat adobes of the Indian pueblo, is now an architecture we have nothing to parallel; and only those who have never seen either could dream of comparing the brute bulk of Aztec architecture (wonderful as it was for man in the tribal relation) with the magnificent art which has succeeded it. Here is still, as Humboldt found it, "the city of palaces"; possibly even yet, as he declared it, "the handsomest capital in America." And instead of immolating its outside Indians upon porphyry altars, the new dispensation has (though not without friction and blunders) saved and educated them to be citizens all, and among them important scholars, great engineers, and sometime presidents of a republic. To grasp just how much this means of contrast between the methods of the noble Saxon and the brutal Spaniard, we need only fancy ourselves electing Tecumseh or Red Cloud or Osceola to be President of the United States. We might also hunt up the churches that we have built for our aborigines while Mexico was building thousands. And we might even ponder upon the 250,000

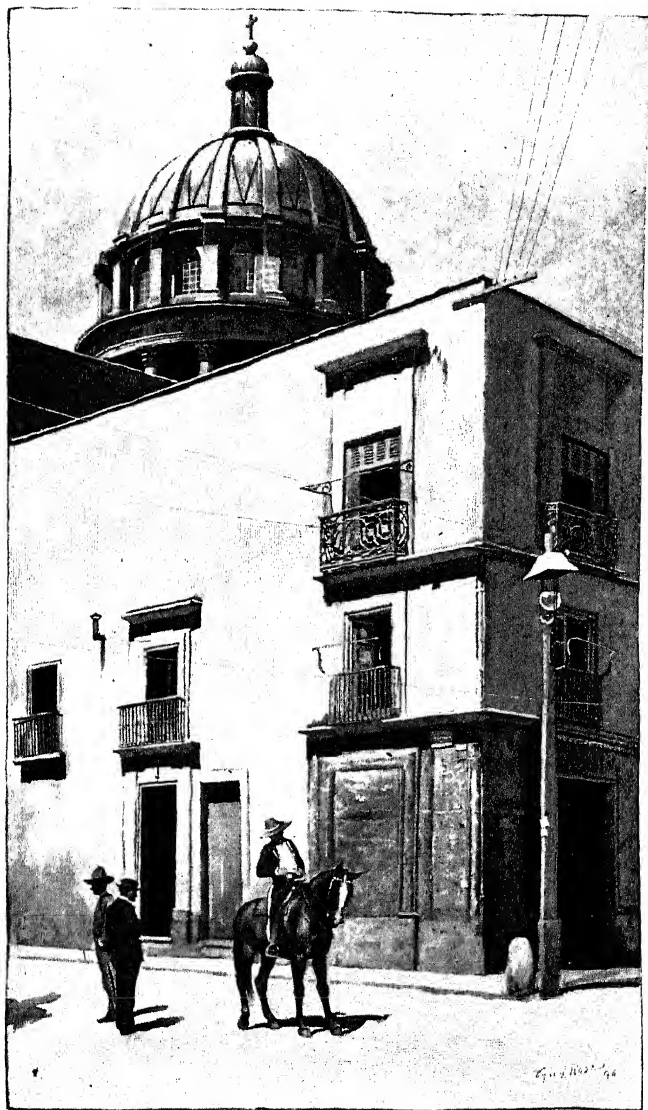
* The first Indian school was founded in 1524 by the Belgian *fraille*, Pedro de Gante (said to have been a natural son of Charles V.). It stood where the Academy of Fine Arts now is. The industrial schools for Indians date back to 1543.

Indians left of our millions,* while it is a proved fact that the Indian population not only of Mexico, but of Spanish America by-and-large, is greater to-day than at the Conquest—and incomparably better off. This is little to say of what might be said, but it is enough for a small finger-post towards common-sense.

That a great city has been able at all to persist for three hundred and seventy-seven years (on top of several centuries as a pueblo of, at last, 20,000) in the bottom of a natural sink, undrained and unredeemed of its own past, is the tallest possible tribute to the climate of Mexico. The half such mockery of hygienic laws would be impossible in any city of ours east of Denver. But altitude and aridity are miracle-workers, and Mexico has needed their best. She has had fearful epidemics in the far past, and sufficient insalubrity in the present. At last, however, the sanitary corner is turned in so long a lane. The vast swamp which was the Valley of Mexico (for these shallow lagoons were not seriously "lakes") is drained.

So early as 1607 the agitation for an outlet came to a head, after a generation of discussion. There was by then, of course, no dream anywhere of sanitary sewerage; but relief was demanded from the storm-water floods from the mountain cordon which rims this fertile bowl. Some of these inundations were terribly serious; particularly those of 1553, 1580, 1604, 1607, and 1629. Under the Viceroy Don Luis Velasco, 2, and on the plans of the eminent engineer En-

* And the great majority of those are in the territory controlled by Spain till within half a century.



THE FIRST PRINTING-OFFICE IN THE NEW WORLD (1536)

rique Martinez, Royal Cosmographer, the herculean *tajo* of Nochistongo* was riven through the northern hills to drain the valley into a branch of the Rio Pánuco. This cut (traversed to-day by the tourist in his Pullman) is a dozen miles long, with an average depth of about one hundred and eighty feet, and an average width of about three hundred. It cost great mortality and six millions, and was a rather fair contract to be let in America two hundred and ninety years ago—the very year, indeed, in which the first English colony camped on the fringe of the New World.

* Work on this enterprise began November 28, 1607. The Viceroy himself (Marques de Salinas) struck the first blow of the pickaxe; 15,000 Indians were employed in the work; and September 17, 1608, the first waters ran through the great tunnel. In December the Viceroy and the Archbishop inspected the work; and the former rode horseback more than a mile into the tunnel, which was fifteen feet wide and thirteen high. It caved so seriously that Martinez arched it with brick masonry. In 1629 a greenhorn Viceroy ordered the tunnel closed, to see if Mexico really could be flooded. His curiosity was satisfied when the water stood a yard deep in the streets; and he promptly imprisoned Martinez! The capital remained thus inundated for five years, and street travel was by boats. For the second time the Spanish crown ordered the city removed to the mainland, near Tacubaya; but as the property valuation was already over forty million dollars, the *cédula* was revoked. After this great flood, the tunnel of Nochistongo was gradually converted into an open cut—the largest ever made by the hand of man. The whole vacillating tale lasted till 1789. There were engineers enough and good enough; but even good Viceroys were not quite fitted for meddling. Already in 1598, by the way, the *licenciado* Obregon and *maestro* Arciniega had proposed a drainage tunnel under the ridge between Sincoque and Nochistongo.

This vast work, however, did not cut deep enough to serve the valley. Various minor attempts were made—in 1612 we find Felipe III. laying a tax of a *cuartillo* (three cents) on every pint of wine sold in the capital, the proceeds to go to the drainage, and there were many other imposts, but nothing effective resulted in two centuries and a half.

With the accession of Diaz to the presidency, twenty years ago, the imminent necessity of an outlet found recognition, and work was again begun—though lack of funds kept it limping for a decade. Since 1886, however, it has had its *Junta Directiva* and its fixed revenues, and has gone steadily forward. Mexican engineers were divided as to whether it would be better to utilize the tremendous gash of Nochistongo or begin *de nuevo* in an opposite direction; and the latter opinion won.

As I write, the greatest drainage canal in the world is finished. Mexico will never again be flooded; and in a short time it will have the more intimate daily advantages that an outlet means.

Next to President Diaz, this magnificent work is owed to the skill and faith of another significant type of modern Mexico. Luis Espinosa, engineer of the Desagüe, is a Guanajuatan of the humblest birth, largely Indian by blood, and of few early advantages. But when he assumed the work (in 1879) the canal found its master. Through years of discouragement—wherein he sometimes lacked not only money for his army of laborers, but food for his family—the mute, brown engineer held his way like the man he is; and the end has crowned his work.

The Desagüe is forty-seven kilometres five hundred

and eighty metres long. It begins on the east side of the city, six metres wide, and a little over five metres below the level of the Plaza. These dimensions grow steadily, until at the mouth of the great tunnel of Zumpango, which bores the last hill to the ravine of Tequízuic, it is one hundred and ninety-five feet wide, and nearly seventy-five feet deep. The tunnel is eleven kilometres long, an oval a little over thirteen feet in its greater diameter, and, being in particularly treacherous soil, is heavily masonried throughout. Its air-shafts are thirteen hundred feet apart, and the deepest is four hundred feet. The gradient is one in one thousand, which gives a current of seven feet a second. The fall of the rest of the canal is one foot to the mile. The whole work cost eighteen millions, and has been completed without fatalities.

Like every other *mejora* of his capital and nation, the Desagüe has not only the master's moral support, but his eye. Diaz inspects the work frequently; and, as I have seen, his inspections are nowise perfunctory. He is first at every point—few of the visiting party have half his legs at half his years, and none his comprehensive eye.

This outlet canal done, the next step is modern *saneamiento* for the capital. Mexico is to have at once the most perfect sewerage system on the continent, if not in the world. The plans are drawn by the competent municipal engineer Roberto Gayol, the money is ready, and the mains are being built.

In a few months, also, the city will own the most complete modern hospital in America—ending as well as she began.

Cortez the conqueror has no monument in the ingratitude of republics—partly because so soon as in ninety years we can hardly be expected to forgive the mother-nation from whom we have revolted, and partly because of the present funnily serious disposition to deify the original aborigine* whom Cortez conquered and bettered; no monument, that is, except the hospital he founded—and incidentally Mexico. On the street of Ixtapalapa by whose causeway he first entered town (November 8, 1519) he built in 1527 the Hospital of the Clean Conception of Jesus,† endowing it with an *hacienda* in Cuernavaca. For three hundred and seventy years it has been doing its work of mercy; and to-day its appointments are up to date,

* Or so much of him as dwelt in the pueblo of Tenochtitlan. Oddly enough, the new theogony includes no heroes from Tlascalala, or Chalco, or Orizaba, or Totonaco, or from any other Mexican tribes which lived by their own industry, and not by enslaving their neighbors. They welcomed the Spaniards who delivered them from the Aztec yoke.

† The inscription upon the outer wall reads (translated):

HOSPITAL
OF
THE CLEAN CONCEPTION
OF MARY MOST HOLY
AND JESUS THE NAZARENE.
THE MOST ANCIENT OF THE NATION.
FOUNDED
IN THIS LOCATION, FAMOUS IN THE
GENTILE DAYS UNDER THE NAME OF
HUITZILLAN,
ABOUT THE YEAR 1527.
RENEWED AND REPAIRED IN
THAT OF 1838.



THE BEST-AUTHENTICATED PORTRAIT OF CORTEZ

(Presented by the Conqueror to the Hospital de Jesus)

with accommodation and lovely environment for seventy-five patients of both sexes. It is still controlled by the descendants of Cortez, and contains the two paintings upon which we depend for our portraits of him. The kneeling figure, in the *sala*, was painted in Spain for him, and sent by himself to this hospital.* The standing figure, in the little chapel, being inferior in art and authenticity, is naturally the one most copied.

One cannot even list here the philanthropic institutions of the capital, much less describe them. But it is proper to point, in passing, at once their oldness and their newness—the Spanish of them and their modern Mexicanism. No other nation has founded so extensively such beneficences in its colonies, and few colonies have built so well upon their inheritance. It is a useful Delsartean attitude for the mind to try to “fahncy” England peppering New England with schools, hospitals, asylums, and churches for Indians. But that is what infamous Spain did, three hundred years ago, up and down a space which measures something over *one hundred and three New Englands*. We may pick flaws in these institutions as administered

* The inscription in one corner of this painting reads, when Englished :

THE MOST EXCELLENT SIR DON FER-
NANDO CORTEZ, MAR-
QUES DEL VALLE, CHIEF JUSTICE,
GOVERNOR AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL THAT
WAS OF THIS NEW SPAIN, AND ITS FIRST
CONQUEROR, PATRON AND FOUND-
ER OF THIS ILLUSTRIOUS
HOSPITAL.

while we were hanging witches, but the institutions were there—and are there yet.

The Royal Hospital of Mexico (for Indians) was founded in 1553. It covered three and a half acres—good elbow-room for its normal two hundred and twenty patients. In the great epidemic of 1762, by crowding, it cared for eight thousand three hundred and sixty-one; and it is still operative. This is but a beginning in the list. The hospital of San Andrés was founded in 1626. The Hospital Juárez occupies a college founded in 1575. The Beneficencia Pública alone has charge of ten institutions in the city, on which it expends \$25,000 a month—like the Industrial School, the School of Correction (also industrial), the Asylum of the Poor (whose plain exterior hides a truly beautiful home for the nine hundred inmates, mostly children, who are educated and given useful trades in an atmosphere of flowers and music; it was founded in 1765, and was really a training school for Indian children); a hospital for the wounded; a maternity hospital (founded by Carlota in 1865); a school for the blind; an insane asylum for men, another for women—and so on. It feeds three thousand four hundred people, and supervises the public sale of drink and food. There are also many and excellent private institutions of charity, supported by the contributions of the wealthy. When the great new hospital—on the French detached plan, with thirty-five buildings fifty feet apart, at a cost of \$800,000—is completed, the present hospitals, all of which are very valuable properties, will be sold.

VI

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

AND here a word may be spoken in season of the beggars who so dent the sensibilities of the average tourist. One reason why mosquitoes seem so numerous is that we cannot get away from them. So with the Mexican beggar. Wherever you go you see all there is of him; and meeting fifty people of whom two are beggars, you naturally conclude that the same proportion holds good throughout the whole population. But this is a generic blunder. As a matter of fact, long field study in both lines leads to a conviction that there are probably not so many professional beggars per cent. in Mexico as tramps in the United States. But the tramp is never concentric, and only the curious student, the railroad man on a transcontinental line, and the police authority dream how enormous is our army of mendicants. The Mexican *por-diosero*,* too, has a different stock in trade. His capital is to look as poor, diseased, and repulsive as he possibly can—maybe with a vague intuition that the pneumogastric nerve has a large voice in the congress of the emotions. He has not learned the broader platform of insolence, bulldozing, and alternative crime.

* "For-God's-sake-er," literally.

He clings to the traditions of his craft—for it is a profession, and inclined to be a gentle one. He whines, it is true—because he is of a people to whom a whine sounds pitiful, and not contemptible—but his appeal is as perfect in its fine rhetoric as in its humility. And when you have bestowed the copper *tlaco*, which is all that he expects, he says (sincerely and without a dream of irony), “God give more to you!” Mexico has as many poor as any other city of 350,000 I know—and more than any in the United States—but it must be borne in mind that the vast majority of them are laborers, and only the petty minority beggars. As for actual suffering, there is far less than in any of our urban populations. Even the beggar’s coppers are plenty to provide him with the indispensables of life in a motherly climate.

From beggars to churches is but a step—at least in physics, since the church door is a favorite stalking-ground for these shrewd reckoners of the emotions. The temples of the capital are by class the most inevitable buildings in it—not only for the old heroism they represent, nor solely for their architectural beauty, great as it is. The Samson of a cathedral is shorn of its locks. The third course of its towers (two hundred and eight feet high, as they stand) was forbidden by royal edict to be erected, for fear of the effect of so vast a weight upon the treacherous soil of the ex-swamp. It is a pity, for this is the only outer fault of a magnificent pile; and since it stands on the rock islet of the *teocalli*, the due proportions of the towers might have been carried out without probable danger of the sinking which has so tilted the beautiful *Profesa*,

Tolsa's classic Loreto, and many of the older other buildings.*

The Jesuit, Dominican, and Franciscan schools of church architecture have here their most perfect convention (though not in every case the greatest known delegate); and there is, besides, the striking type peculiar to this city, the style Churrigueresque, named for a native architect of the seventeenth century, whose finest monuments are the Sagrário (elbowing the cathedral) and La Santísima. Their *fachadas*, and the *patio* of the ex-convent of San Agustin (now the post-office of Querétaro), present the most remarkable stone-carving in North American architecture. That is no small thing to say when one remembers the thousands of churches in Mexico, of which hardly one lacks some noble characteristic. Content is a happy trait, but I doubt if such content is happy as is past being startled by the comparison of our religious edifices with those of a disprized land and faith.

It is curious to speculate whence came the pentecost of skill and daring which not only made every church a monument, but in so many seems to have delighted in braving the constructional traditions. The flat arches, the flying arches, the arches with space instead of masonry to receive their "lateral thrust," the pendent staircases, the omitted pillars, the keyless domes—there are a thousand venturesomenesses, yet not one lapse from security. And to these days some

* The cathedral was founded by Cortez in honor of Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion, but the original church was razed before 1600 to make room for the present edifice, which is 393 by 192 feet, with a height of 184 feet from the floor to key of dome.

architects in Mexico pluck gravitation by the beard in a fashion that is not familiar to me outside of Latin America. For example, Ajea's staircase in the palace, and Jesús Palma's series of arches in the Hôtel Humboldt—thirty feet span and nine inches spring.

The *caracoles*, or snail-shell stone staircases, are always fascinating; and they are in nearly every tower. That in the prison of Hidalgo, in Chihuahua, is the common type; but the cathedral of Mexico has a wonderful caracol *without a core*. The ninety-two *chiluca* steps, instead of concentrating to form a pillar, form a central hole, and down that superb spiral one can peer from top to bottom.

But, as I was to say, religion nor architecture nor historic association is the only attraction to these venerable piles. To do much of anything of importance in the modern city, one must go to church. The *Reforma* was a movement in whose swift thoroughness public necessity took no heavier hand than private greed. Diverted from the church, the edifices were looted of their plate, their silver altar-rails, and their Murillos—one gentleman, since happily dead, got \$60,000 at a pawnshop for the paintings he had collected by this simple process. The buildings themselves were promptly "denounced,"* and sold for beggarly sums—many of them for beggarly ends. You cannot sample far among the hotels without lodging in an ex-convent. You may have your livery turnout from another. If you visit school, or barracks or hospital, it will generally be in another. And if you chance to go to prison, you would be (up to just

* The Spanish miner's term for filing on a "claim."

now) locked inside of church walls. Of course it all results in far more costly and artistic school-houses, hospitals, and prisons than are fashionable in lands which have not had the lucky opportunity to get ahead of their Maker.

But her attitude in pœnology to-day is very significant of modern Mexico. Mexican prisons, in my observation, have, as a rule richly deserved all their inmates, whether native or imported. Particularly Americans—since no other people have quite the same out-of-school feeling when away from home, and no others so habitually violate not only the new laws but their own congenital traditions. I would certainly not say no American was ever unjustly imprisoned in Mexico. I simply have never known one to be. These prisons also deserve some of their ill-repute as a mode of luxury. Until people can build prisons for prisons, they must use what makeshifts they may; and superb architecture does not reconcile the prisoner to the natural shortcomings of a jail which was built for a church. Belem, the great general lock-up, is the old convent of that name; and was not at all adequate for its more than three thousand inmates—though I have seen worse arrangements in many American cities. Santiago de Tlaltelolco, the military prison, is as superannuated. It is one of the oldest churches in Mexico, having been founded by the first viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza; and its convent was one of the first schools—in which the historian, Bernardino Ribeira (commonly known as Sahagun), was a professor. It was a school for the sons of Indian caciques.*

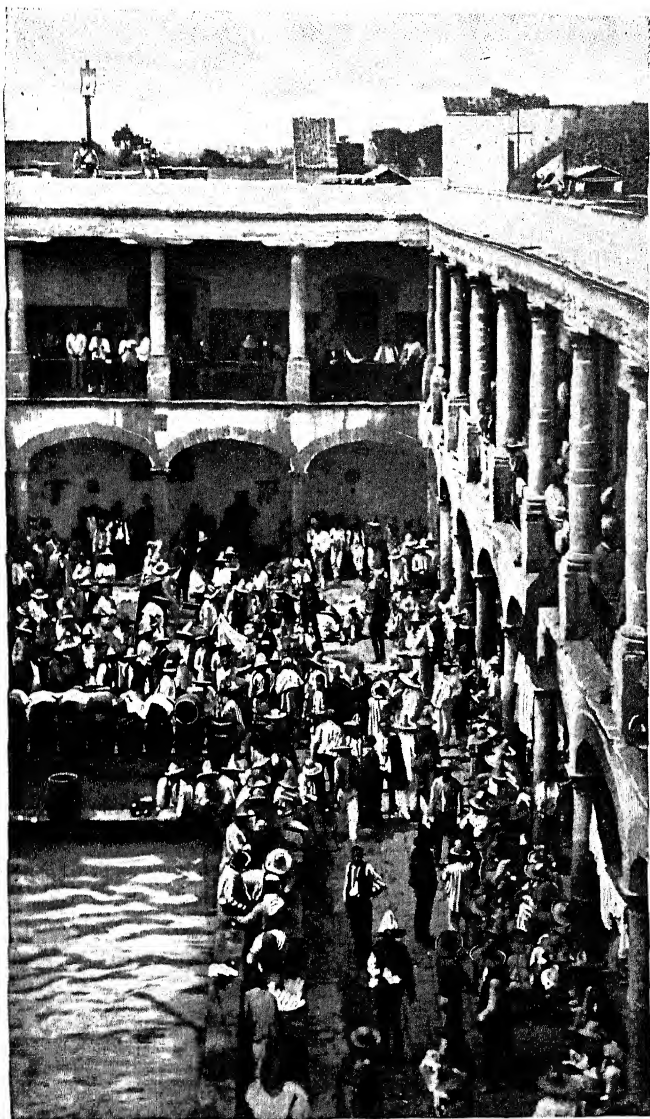
* Here the famous myth of the Virgin of Guadalupe was

But the day of the makeshift is passing. Just before I left the capital the retiring governor* of the federal district turned over to the federal government the new penitentiary, a model modern institution on the Croffton plan, which, I believe, has not yet its equal anywhere among us. It cost over two millions, is of basalt and *tezontli*, covers eighteen acres, and is perfect in every detail of sanitation, security, and comfort.† Before these lines are published it will be occupied, and the days of Tlaltelolco and Belem will be done. There is similar activity all over the republic in replacing the old *ad interim* convent-jails with institutions up to date. The state penitentiary at Puebla, for instance, is a type of what is being done by cities we would account small, and states that seem to us but sparsely settled. There is no hanging in Mexico, and (outside what concerns the army and the brigands) no capital punishment. Nor are irons allowed under the new dispensation. I have known the holy horror of officers of ours at not being allowed to manacle prisoners they were extraditing. The modern Mexican theory is that irons are an ignominy, and that it is the officer's business to keep his

born. It sprang from a comedy written by Antonio Valeriano, for the representation of which the Indian Marcos painted upon a blanket what is now the "miraculous image." The episode is a magnificent type of the origin and spread of primitive hero-myths.

* An honorable type of the administrators of modern Mexico, Don Pedro Rincon Gallardo.

† The director in his office, by a turn of the wrist, unlocks or locks every cell. There is a department for women and one for juvenile offenders.



A PATIO IN THE PRISON OF BELEM

man. It may surprise the average reader to learn that the object of prisons in Mexico is not so much punishment as reform by education. To such, the modern laws of Diaz regulating penitentiaries should be instructive reading. In these laws, of course, the credit system for good behavior cuts as certain a figure as the compulsory education and the learning of trades in the finely appointed shops.*

Except the artillery and the engineers, whatever regiment you visit is quartered in an old convent. Of these barracks the most interesting is the Merced, founded in 1601, with a *patio* which is one of the finest in the city. Many schools are similar debtors to the unthanked past; and in their case, at least, one may be most willing to pardon the usurpation. The capital has, by-the-way, fifty public schools for boys, forty-nine for girls, six mixed, and nine night schools. There is also a large number of private institutions, from the kindergarten up, and of special schools, training schools, and the like. It is also to be noted, amid the educational progress, that on September 16, 1896, the metric system became compulsory throughout the republic, and that Mexicans are tolerantly sorry for

* A prisoner's term is divided into three periods. The first is occupied with penal labor. The second is at labor in the training school, with a little pay. The third, "Preparatory freedom," includes paid work and many privileges. The primary education is strictly compulsory. A jail-bird unable to read and write will never again be graduated. In the third period the convicts are taught drawing, mechanics, and industrial chemistry. The trades include stone-working, iron-moulding, saddle-making, weaving, carpentry, tailoring, printing, blacksmithing, shoe making, etc.; and, for the disabled, broom and basket making and the like.

such nations as still cling to the superstition of a cruder scheme.

The edifice of the first university in America (founded by the Spanish crown in 1551) is to-day occupied by the National Conservatory of Music—an invention of poor Carlota. The National Academy of Art (ancient Academy of San Carlos) stands where Fray Pedro de Gante founded, in 1524, the first school in the New World—a school for Indians. The Normal School for males, with its forty-five instructors, six hundred pupils, and first-class German equipment, including excellent machine-shops, occupies the old convent of Santa Teresa (1678). The Normal School for females has fourteen hundred* pupils, and is in a hundred-thousand-dollar building of 1648. The fine old Jesuit college of San Ildéfonso, erected in 1749 at a cost of \$400,000, is now filled with the thousand pupils of the National Preparatory School. The National College of Medicine is housed in the old home of the Inquisition (1732)—the *chato*† edifice, whose four hanging arches at each corner of the lower corridor are famous. The building was taken for its present purpose in this century, the Holy Office dying in America with the Independence, but the medical college was established by royal decree of 1768. It has now several hundreds of pupils. San Lorenzo (1598) is now the manual-training school, where poor boys are gratuitously

* In both these schools the figures include the primary departments. Pupils are educated from A B C up to a teacher's diploma. The primary course is six years, and may be entered at from seven to twelve years of age. The normal course is five years.

† Flat-nosed.

taught lithography, engraving, printing, carpentry, and many other trades. The similar institution for girls is of course modern, dating only from 1874. The Law School occupies the old ex-convent of the Incarnation, but itself dates only from 1868. The School of Agriculture and the School of Commerce are also modern. The National Library, with its 200,000 volumes, dwells in the splendid sequestered church of San Agustin, given it by Maximilian in 1864. The National Museum—just now not in wholly ideal hands—occupies part of the million-dollar building erected in 1731 for the royal mint. And so on through a list that would rival the catalogue of the ships. The School of Mines and Engineering, however, stands in no dead man's shoes. Its magnificent building of *chiluca* (the nearest to granite the valley affords) was built for it by the great Tolsa in 1793, and cost three millions.* As late as 1824 Humboldt declared, "No city of the New Continent, not excepting those of the United States, presents scientific establishments so great and solid as those of the capital of Mexico."† Except as to the buildings, of course, so much could not be said to-day. We have forged ahead (though only in this generation) by our vast superiority in numbers and wealth. But it is as true now as it was in 1824 that the educational institutions of Mexico can be ignored only by the ignorant.

The gravest fault in the present capital is natural enough to its transitional state—the vertigo of sudden

* This is, so to speak, a mining school of technology. It has a school of applied mining at Pachuca.

† Before this century began, Spain had spent \$400,000 on three botanical commissions which had explored the flora of Peru, New Granada, and New Spain (Mexico).

progress—but it is an unworthiness I pray educated Mexico may see in time. As with us, the wine of material development begins to mount to the head, and in their splendid reaching out for the new they too much forget the old. No modern structure in the capital compares in dignity and worth of architecture with any one of hundreds of buildings which date from the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, and few will last so long as they will still.* Too many wealthy dons are erecting residences copied after—and as ugly and uncomfortable as—the American parvenu's. A needless vandalism has already dynamited a hundred arches of the massy old aqueduct† of Chapultepec,

* The Casa del Conde de Santiago, on the street of Jesús Nazareno, is one of the finest types, with its splendid, carved doors to the *zaguan*, its seventeen eave-spouts of great field-pieces, each carved from a single stone, and the fierce serpent's head (spoil of a prehistoric teocalli) set in its southwest corner. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express occupies another ancient palace; and the Jockey Club has a gem—the Casa de Azulejos, with its fine covering of encaustic tiles, and its romantic story, which has given rise to a proverb.

† Begun about 1604. Cost \$150,000. The inscription on the fountain on this aqueduct reads, in the quaint semi-shorthand of the day:

REY^{DO} EN LAS ES
 PAÑAS LA CATH^A
 MAG^D DE S^R D^N FER
 NANDO EL VI (Q^N
 DIOS G^{DE}) Y EN SU
 NOM^E LA NUEVA
 ESP^{ÑA} EL EXC^{MO} S^R M
 ARQUEZ DE LAS
 AMARILLAS SE FA
 BRICO ESTA PILA.

(Reigning in the Spains, His Catholic Majesty Ferdinand

which would be a treasure to any city; and its older brother of Santa Fé is as wantonly breached. There was even a movement to erase the noble fountain of the Salto de Agua (apparently for no other reason than that it dates from 1779, and is worth all the modern fountains in the city put together), and to use its room for a few yards of pavement. But, happily, this iniquity was forestalled. I cannot believe a temper so open to sentiment as is the Latin-American will much longer countenance these vandalisms; and if that were conceivable, the new commercial sense cannot remain blind to the fact that these superb old landmarks are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to Mexico. All the march of modern progress need not trample a single one of these monuments.

Even the squat, unpretentious National Palace* has suffered seriously within. It is well that public offices be habitable, but they can be made so without philistinism; and Hon. Ignácio Mariscal (sometime Minister to Washington, now Vice-President of the republic and Minister of Foreign Relations) deserves gratitude for having conserved the magnificent old ceilings of Spanish cedar which are the charm of the Hall of Ambassadors and of his department, while the

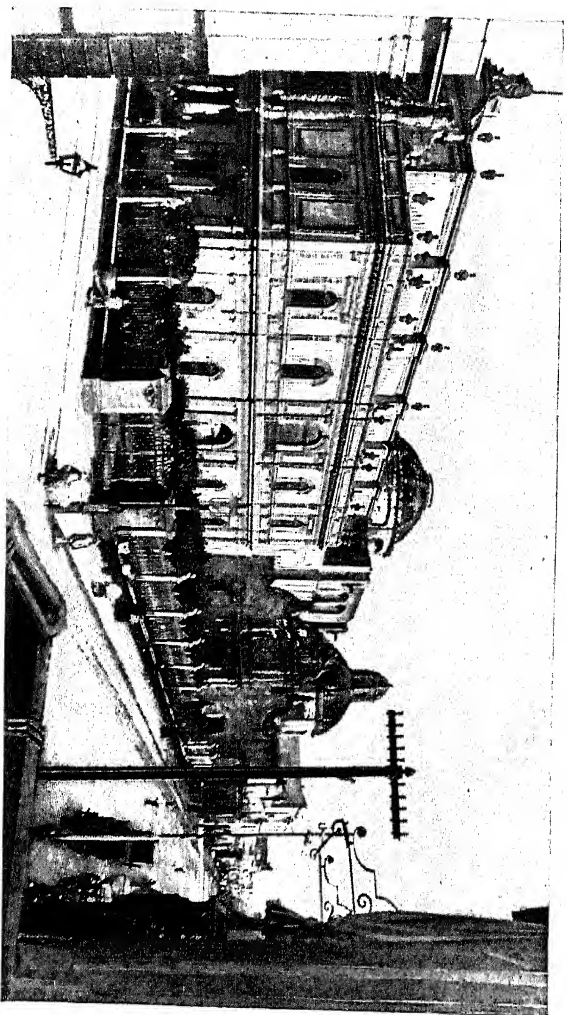
VI., and, in his name, over New Spain, the Most Excellent Marques de las Amarillas, this fountain was built.) A similar tablet on the other side of the pila bears the inscription of the *corregidor*, etc.

* Fifty feet high and 600 feet square. The original building was burned in a famine-riot by the Indians in 1692, and the Viceroy, Don Gaspar de Sandoval, had to take refuge in the convent of San Francisco.

inutile "utilitarian" has plastered most of the rest of the *Palácio*.

From the halls which overlook from the south the *pátio de honor*, Mexico has been guided, well or ill, these three centuries and a half. Here the viceroys interpreted the royal *cédulas* and made *bandos* of their own—like that which in 1554 forbade all jewelers, because his Excellency saw that luxury grew too fat.* Here Iturbide and Maximilian (the only emperors Mexico ever had) held their little circumstance before the tragic end. Here Juárez, the only man under the republic (up to within twenty years) able to keep his footing in power for six years, did his pregnant work—at least, while he was not dodging the French armies. And here the only Mexican President who has surpassed him has made his incomparably greater conquest for the father-land.

* For us, to whom paternal government seems "funny," there would be great humor in a digest of the *bandos* of Spanish America. A Viceroy of Peru, for instance (the Duque de Palata, about 1680), made one against the eating of cucumbers by Indians—these vegetables being then locally called "mata-serranos" (Indian-killers). A predecessor by about sixty years, the Viceroy Marques de Guadalcazar, had by *bando* prohibited the wearing of the *manto* by the ladies of Lima, on the ground that it was too provocative. It gave to see the eyes, the tip of the nose, and about six square inches of arm. The short bell skirt, which revealed the most beautiful feet and ankles known to man, was deemed harmless. It is almost needless to say that the ladies were "better men" than the old Viceroy, and that the *manto* survived until ridiculous and unbecoming foreign fashions killed it. No viceregal edict, by-the-way, surpassed the royal *cédula* of Philip II., ordering all the bachelors of Lima to marry within thirty days.



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, ONCE THE CONVENT OF SAN AGUSTIN

VII

CHEAP MONEY

IT was well for Mexico that when silver took its Gadarene course Diaz was in the saddle. There is no uncertainty in saying that no other man of her whole history—unless it were that great first viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza—could have lifted her safely across the gulf.

Here was a silver country, not by fanatic experiment, but by geologic predestination. Practically she never produced gold, and the unparalleled coinage of her mints in all these centuries* has been in an enormous majority white. She is producing still † seventy-five millions of silver a year, and about six millions gold.

To her, enter sudden bankruptcy, shrivelling her dollar crop by one-half its value. She was already committed to progress, and that meant a foreign debt—payable in gold. Here were the elements of as pretty a collapse as one could ask to see.

But Mexico was already knit, and the compound unit was handled by no uncertain fist. There was a government which knew, first, what it wished; secondly, how to get it—and when there is a policy adopted

* From 1527 to June 1, 1895, \$3,585,980,462.

† Fiscal year 1894-5.

in Mexico nowadays it "goes," in the language of politics.

Even Juárez had fallen under temptation. The repudiation fathered by him was a chief cause of intervention and Maximilian. But Diaz had the clearer head. His first step was to secure the credit of his nation. He simply said, "The debt shall be met in gold," and set himself to the pleasant task of finding two dollars for one.

Revenue *can* be raised in Mexico; and at the side of Diaz was unquestionably one of the ablest financiers of modern times—José Ives Limantour, present Minister of Hacienda—and behind them they had the Mexican people. It is perhaps only in the formative stage of a nation that a government appeal to patriotism is stronger than selfish luxury or business greed. When it came to paying two prices for imports, Mexico began to get along with very few imports indeed. She learned in that sharp pinch the great lesson—ignoring of which has been the ruin of Peru, the only other Spanish colony which was ever richer—that it is cheaper to make than to buy. Exchange acted as a rabid protective tariff, and the country which practically knew nothing but mines began suddenly to manufacture.* Three years ago the import duties on cotton cloths brought the government five millions a year; to-day they bring nothing, for there is no longer importation. But the cotton-mills which have sprung up in the republic already paid \$1,200,000 in taxes last year, an amount which this year will very greatly

* On a commercial scale, that is. There have always been fireside manufactures in Mexico and a few big privileges.

increase. Beer yielded in the custom-houses a million a year, and to-day yields not one-thousandth part as much; for Mexico is now dotted with breweries of her own. These startling figures are typical of the new national attitude, and at the same time of the new national unity—a country “making it unanimous” with the brains of one man.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that some of the most potent enablers of Mexico in the struggle with depreciation have been fortuities which neither Diaz nor Limantour invented, though they have known how to profit thereby. The nation has had an unconscious angel—a benefactor by no grace of his. Uncle Sam pays for her products in sound money—that is, at double rates. For it must be remembered that a Mexican dollar *in Mexico* buys as much (of everything but imported goods), now that it is worth forty-six or seven cents gold, as it did when it was worth 100. This fact somewhat explains the epidemic of new industries. The gold-country manufacturer removing to Mexico about doubles his capital by the mere act of crossing the border. For his every five-dollar gold-piece he gets something like \$10. He more than trebles it again on his pay-roll—a matter not more significant to him than it should be to such working-men as would adopt the Mexican finances without the Mexican remedies. And beyond these two glittering premiums the manufacturer is given substantial concessions—for Diaz believes in factories, and means to have them by wholesale. Furthermore, now that the interstate tariffs are removed, the manufacturer will no longer need to crowd to the centres of population, but can go to the cheap water-powers.

To those who produce, the Mexican dollar is "a sweet boon." It is the unit of the country. It is worth outside only half what it used to be—but they do not send it so much outside. At home it is as good as ever, and they get two of it where they once got one, since nominal prices are not much changed. The exporter of coffee pays \$35 for the cargo that used to be worth \$30; and he sells it not at \$40, but at \$30. But his \$35 is paid by him in Mexican silver, and his \$30 is received by him in gold, which means to him about twice as much.

The prudent New England saw, "Money does not grow on every bush," was invented without knowledge of Mexico. For here it *does*. Here at last (for the traveller, at least) is the dreamland, the kingdom of Something for Nothing. Bargains in Dollars! Coin selling out at half cost! Help yourself to what you wish, and the cashier will give you your money back, and a few dollars to boot! One may half fancy what our advertisers would do with such a text.

You drop into the *estanquillo* on the corner, and buy twenty-five honorable cigars for seventy-five cents. The tobacconist rings your five-dollar gold-piece on the counter (I notice that it is not the Superior Race which manages to pass plugged money in Mexico), and without emotion hands you nine silver dollars and some small change. There are new Americans and Americans. Some escape before he shall discover his mistake. Others (and the immoral truth must be confessed that they are of as furtive mien when they do emerge) tarry to set him right. But the Spanish American is wonderfully poised. I never knew him to laugh in the face even of a tourist.

With some other little furniture he should be the model kindergartner.

No, he has not erred. It is *el cambio*. There is contagion in this. You penetrate the next stand and buy a box of twenty-five *Escepcionales* (which a quarter apiece could not procure in New York) at \$2; and from your half-eagle you gather up of that which is left eight dollars *y pico*. It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes brought down to date and American ideals. The philosopher's stone was mere mud to this. To make a salary simply by spending money—that is precisely what we are looking for. There is only one hard fact. Ten cents out of an American silver dollar leaves only ninety cents. But that is trivial. All one has to do is to bring plenty of gold, and swap one dollar for two as long as one can stand prosperity.

The last large factor among those that have saved Mexico in the jaws of cheap money is—cheap labor. The average Mexican workman gets about three bits (thirty-seven and a half cents) a day. On the *haciendas* it is often less; in the factories and on the railroads it is generally more.* No wonder the manufacturer and the grower can stand it!

* Mechanics (native) get \$2 to \$3 a day; Americans, \$4 to \$5.75. Section-hands are paid about 60 cents. If the wages of mechanics seem low, it is easily explained. They are not, in our sense, mechanics, but "helpers" and "handy-men." They are recruited from the lowest class; for up the social stairs the old idea that to be a gentleman one must do nothing, and do it well, is prevalent as it was in our chivalric South—and as it is not unknown in a more modern society. But even out of this peon clay the hand of evolution is modelling better and ever better wares. For it is plastic. No peasantry anywhere

It is fair to add that the current pity for the Mexican laborer is altogether wasted. He has a climate decent to be lived in—wherein, it is estimated, twelve days' work in the year is enough to supply one peon with the necessities of life. His small wages are not only as much as he wants, but as much as he wishes. If he gets higher pay he works fewer days—for to his unbitten notion the only object of work is to get enough to live on. Of course the final outlook for Mexico is when this multiple of narrow, ragged, ignorant content shall begin to increase his wants; but it is a long way before that bridge needs to be crossed. When he begins to require larger wages for larger horizons, he will begin to get them—and already the first tokens of the change appear; for wages are very slowly improving in Mexico. Meantime the Mexican laborer earns enough to make him the farthest from populism and strikes of any toiler in North America,*

is likelier raw material for the making of skilled artisans. None have apter eyes or hands, and few have such patience for detail. Even Humboldt was astonished by this mechanic gift, and prophesied of it great things—which are fast coming true. It takes time, anywhere, to develop workmen whose brains shall outrun their fingers; but the ideal combination of dexterity, elasticity to circumstance, and forethought will be reached sooner here than in some other places. I recall no Northern land whose folk-handiwork is quite so widely and so truly "art-work." And in Mexico it is fully as easy for the humblest to rise to the very top as it is in our republic—in politics, economics, or scholarship. There no man fails to be great because he is a Negro or an Indian.

* Mexico has no hint whatever of our antagonism between the *Have-nots* and the *Haves*. Far more inbred to aristocracy than the Saxon, the Spaniard has yet kept far more of the

and is at the same time enriching his employer and his nation. How far he is from suffering has often been shown. In 1894 there was a corn-famine. Hearing the usual curb-stone gossip of destitution, the municipal government of the capital arranged with the contractors of the Desagüe to employ at regular wages every man sent out. The city was placarded with notices, and the quarter of San Lázaro buzzed with talk. *Nascitur ridiculus mus*. Three peons came to the *municipalidad* to see about it. And not one was pinched enough to go out to work!

By these tokens Mexico has met her greatest economic crisis, and has prevailed. Under Juárez the revenues of the best year were below fourteen millions; now they are above forty-six millions, and there is a surplus. Mexico also has at last the balance of trade in her favor. Her exports are growing at the rate of ten millions a year, her imports at the rate of four millions. A pretty penny in United States gold comes down annually to square the account; for while Mexico sells us sixty-five per cent. of her exports, she gets only fifteen per cent. of her imports from us, preferring to do most of her buying from nations that think it worth while to cultivate her trade. She is not only able to keep reducing her foreign gold debt (about \$150,000,000) at two dollars for one, but has spare change to build two-million-dollar prisons and eighteen-million-dollar canals and twenty-million-dollar harbors. The enormous port improvements at Tampico (\$7,000,000), Coatzacoalcos (\$7,000,-

human attitude—since, after all, his aristocracy runs rather to the patriarchate than to the feudal tyranny.

ooo), and Vera Cruz (\$20,000,000); the railroad development, in subsidizing which the Diaz administration has already expended \$110,000,000—these and their like activities indicate the financial condition of the government. And these are not sops to the Cerberus of selfish constituencies, but the logical paces of a consistent paternalism. I may add that the minor fall in silver which occurs as these pages go to press in book form, is not, in my opinion, of serious import to Mexico. *Qui transtulit sustinet*. The statesmanship which was competent to handle a depreciation of forty-eight per cent. in the currency of the country will not be baffled by a fall of eight per cent. It means some hardship, of course; but I cannot too much insist that Mexico as nowadays administered is fit to cope with any contingency inside of human probability. The new degradation of silver will (in Mexico) again shrink importation and increase manufacture.

The next four years are to witness great things in perfecting internal communication. To me, one of the most important enterprises in Mexico is the "Cuernavaca" Railroad, now open from the capital to Tres Marias. It was contracted to be finished to the river Mescala* by or before last November, and within eight months later to reach Acapulco. Though delayed past this limit, it is pushing on as fast as possible. Then for the first time Mexico will be crossed by rail—a transcontinental iron-way from the adequate artificial harbors of the Gulf coast, through the capi-

* Which the author of the *Kosmos* had to cross on a *zangada*, or raft of calabashes.

tal, with its already competent north and south connections, to the Pacific and that superb natural harbor, the second finest on the globe. The west coast of Mexico I count the right arm of the country; but it has always been bound. Now the lashings are about to fall. The vast productiveness of Guerrero and Sinaloa and Jalisco and Michuacan will be developed; and more than that, the whole country will have, for the first time in history, its fair outlet to the commerce of the world.

Other railroads are playing their part. The Mexican Central (with a fifth of the total mileage of the republic) and the International bind Mexico to us. Both have multiplied their business by six or seven in a decade, and both have a still larger hope. The Central has at Tampico what will probably be the chief harbor of the Gulf. The International at Durango is only one hundred and sixty miles from the Pacific harbor of Mazatlan, and has engineers seeking an outlet by profitable grades. The Mexican Southern (General Grant's road), finished in 1893, has opened one of the largest, richest, and hitherto least accessible portions of the country. The Vera Cruz line—dean of Mexican railroads, opened in 1873—is wakening its way-side territory, and will do much more when its terminal port is completed. There is remarkable activity in the diversified territory pierced by the Interoceanic Railroad, where cotton-mills and pulp-paper mills are springing up, and slow old sugar *haciendas* are suddenly putting in the most modern machinery, to the tune of \$60,000 to \$100,000 apiece. An important line, under contract, will pass down the west coast to the Guatemalan frontier, striking Tehuán-

tepec (with its short transisthmian line and its harbor of Salina Cruz) from the northwest, as the Southern Railroad is to strike it from the northeast. Construction is begun on the "Corralitos road" (Gould system) from El Paso into the Sierra Madre, and with ultimate destination on the lower Gulf of California. Down on the coast of Sinaloa is the splendid natural harbor of Topolobampo; and if a railroad does not reach that port reasonably soon, I have authority for saying that it will be through no fault of Diaz. Indeed, among his specific dreams for the general uplift of his nation one of the dearest is to thwart that astounding geography—so well defined by Humboldt—which splits Mexico in twain from top to bottom.

Nothing could be more striking than this present state of transit in old New Spain. No other country in the world's history ever did anything like such a business by the backful. Until the railroads, Mexico was the paradise of the "packer." From prehistoric days down, the human back was the corner-stone of commerce; and it did not disappear from the edifice even when the Conquest introduced beasts of burden. Even the interior trade with Durango, Chihuahua, and New Mexico occupied 60,000 pack-mules. From Vera Cruz to the capital, over wonderful and costly roads (which ate up, nevertheless, 70,000 mules a year), more than \$20,000,000 worth of goods a year was "packed." Indeed, everything of the enormous imported luxury of New Spain came by the same painful process. Even the cacao of Guayaquil and the copper of Coquimbo were shipped up to Acapulco, and thence crossed the mountains by muleback clear to Vera Cruz—at \$2 a *carga* of 81 pounds. As for human loads—and the

Indians still carry their own burdens mostly, instead of employing quadrupeds—the individual achievement is almost as startling as the aggregate. Humboldt found the *tenateros* in the mines he visited “carrying for six hours a weight ranging from 225 to 350 pounds on their backs, in a very high temperature, ascending eight or ten times, without rest, ladders of 1800 rounds.” He very justly observes that this might properly change the notion that the tropics are enervating. To this day it is a common thing to see a Mexican Indian carrying a back-load of 150 pounds twenty miles to market.

There are many other railroads past the guesswork stage—the administration is sharply discouraging the “paper” lines of penniless promoters—but those above are the most pregnant with meaning for Mexico. As for telegraph lines, the first in the republic (that from the capital to Vera Cruz) was inaugurated in 1852; now there are over twelve thousand kilometres.

The business thermometer in the capital is at least blood-warm, and is steadily mounting. During my *permanencia* there the street-car system* was sold for eight million dollars to a South African syndicate. The lines are to be made electric—the only anachronism that lags. The city has 600 electric arc lamps, and 5000 incandescent. There are 1500 police, with 68 officers. The Ayuntamiento (city council) had placards up announcing six months’ immunity from taxation for whatever householder should paint or improve his building-front. The Banco de Lóndres (in the same period) desired to increase its capital from

* With 241 miles of track, 3000 mules, and 2000 employés.

five millions to ten. In a few days the business men of the city subscribed not five millions, but twenty. They who know it best are not timorous as to the future of the capital city.

Building is active, new "colonies" are being plotted, sold, and occupied, and, among the other extensive municipal improvements, some of the oldest and finest streets are being widened—of course at enormous expense. Mexico was first paved in 1604. Among other imminent improvements, a million-dollar national capitol is to be built. There is an active and effective Superior Council of Public Health, to which is largely due the abstinence of so many citizens from falling into the temptations of mortality in an undrained city. Since June 1, 1872, compulsory vaccination in the city has marked the arms of more people* than the total population. It is a curious fact that vaccination never has to be repeated here. Once "taken," it is good for a lifetime. And "compulsory" in Mexico does not mean "may be"—as these very figures show. There is inevitable examination, and those found unsigned are promptly led away for the health officer's autograph.

The like paternalism is evident in most of the sev-

* Exactly, up to May 22, 1896, 362,763. Smallpox was unknown in the New World before the Conquest, being distinctively a product of civilization—though of robust appetite among the uncivilized when it is brought to them. It reached Mexico in 1520 by a negro slave of Narvaez and promptly expunged half the population of the capital. Its greatest ravages were in 1763 and 1779 (the latter epidemic causing 9000 deaths in the capital alone). Already, by 1797, nearly 60,000 people had been vaccinated there.

en departments of the federal government. Naturally the Minister of War and Marine has his hands full with the finely appointed arsenals, the military college, the school-ship *Zaragosa*, and other belongings. Nor is there much leeway for fathering the public by the Ministry of Foreign Relations or that of Finance. But there is larger philanthropic scope in the other four. The "Interior" has charge of the organized charities, among other things. "Justice and Public Instruction" manages the schools, libraries, museums, etc., and invented the present compulsory education law. "Communications and Public Works" oversees the vastly improved mail-service,* the telegraphs, railroads, light-houses, and several other branches. The Ministry of Encouragement ("Fomento") is most paternal of all, dealing with colonization, agriculture, mining, statistics, patents,† scientific institutes and commissions, observatories, and many other matters fit to be forwarded. Land titles are nowhere more secure. The mining laws of Mexico are confessedly better than ours. Colonization is no longer a mere dream. The half-score thriving Mormon colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora were the beginning; and now three hundred thousand acres have been purchased in

* There are fifty mail-carriers (with free delivery) in the capital. Nor is the postal system a parvenu here. Indeed, Spanish America was the first country in history to put the mails on a large footing. We thought our overland pony express, in the golden days of California, a big thing; but half a century earlier there were regular monthly mails the length of Spanish America—from Paraguay to San Francisco, California, a little matter of 5800 miles.

† The term of a patent in Mexico is twenty years.

Chiapas by a Japanese syndicate, which will settle thousands of its countrymen on these rich coffee, sugar, rubber, and tobacco lands. A geographic commission under this ministry is doing at last definitive work on the cartography of the republic, while meteorology, patents, and the distribution of seeds and fish are assuming civilized proportions. Under this direction, too, the first census of the republic* was taken, October 20, 1895. It yielded a population of 12,570,195, but is undoubtedly short. Any one who has ever had seriously to do with Indians anywhere knows how impossible it is to enumerate them; and the aborigine of Mexico is no exception to the rule. It is interesting to remember that there are twenty original American languages spoken in Mexico to this day, of which the Nahuatl (Aztec), Zapotec, Otomí, Mixtec, Huastec, Mija, Tarahumar, Tepehuan, Totonac, Cora, Cac-chiquel, Matlazinga, Tarasca, and Maya are chief, and have attained printed grammars and vocabularies. These are not dialects, but languages apart—as far as Greek from German.

As we find constant confusion in the terms, it may be of interest also to give an authentic list of the seven local castes which have been distinguished in Spanish America since the first generation after the Conquest. There is, by-the-way, an interesting (and not ill-done) series of Spanish oil-paintings on copper, illustrating these and the finer subdivisions with color and text, from the sixteenth century:

1. Gachupin, a native of Europe.

* The first census of Mexico, 1793, gave four and a half million inhabitants.

2. Criollo (creole). Born in America of European parents (Spanish or French).

3. Mestizo. Born of a white father and Indian mother.

4. Mulatto. Born of a white father and negro mother.

5. Zambo (source of our "Sambo"). Cross of Indian and negro. Called also "Chino."

6. Indians.

7. Negroes.

As to subdivisions, the Laws of the Indies fixed the following standards:

Quadroon (*cuarteron*), one-fourth negro, three-fourths white.

Quintero, one-eighth negro, seven-eighths white.

The courts were frequently appealed to to "whiten" families into which too much color had crept. Sometimes when the analysis was a trifle involved, the verdict was rendered, *que se tengan por blanco*—"that they be taken for white." There is, by-the-way, one fresh breath of humanity common not only to Mexico but to all the despotisms, oligarchies, and plugged-counterfeit republics south—the negro is held to be human. There is, nowadays, no more miscegenation than with us; but the Man and Brother has far greater rights in all Spanish America than in the land of the free and the home of the brave. In the Pullman, in the first-class hotel, the theatre, and wherever else, he is just as good as any one. This is partly because human slavery was never a divine institution in those colonies. While this statement may derive a shriek from those who have learned history by not studying it, it is strictly true. Only the gross ignorance of cen-

turies of closet historians biased by political and religious prejudice, untravelled, and apparently pledged not to read any original source, could have brought us to such basic misconception of the *Repartimiento* and the *Encomienda* as to class them with our own slaveholding. Both were temporary devices; both were apprenticeships of the Indian to civilization; both bore as hard on him as a training school with us bears on lazy or unwilling boys; both *were* training schools, as merciful in design and as justified by the graduates as our own. To such as find the testimony of Humboldt inefficient, there could be no more useful reading than the laws of Spain as to the aborigines—the highest minded, most complete, and most noble “Indian policy” ever framed by man.

VIII

AN UNFAMILIAR PAGE

BUT what may seem the most millennial function of the Ministério de Fomento is that it encourages even—literature! Lest this announcement cause an invasion of Mexico by our waste-basketed hordes (whose only present refuge is the shrewd but cruel publications set on the corner-stone that all other editors are conspiring against genius), let me hasten to assure them that this paternal government would precisely *not* publish their efforts.

Mexico, of course, has as yet neither great publishing-houses nor a great book-market, and there is no one to undertake a publication as a legitimate investment. Yet Mexico is—as she has been for centuries—far from poor in deep students, broad historians, and able literary men. Here steps in the Ministry of Encouragement, backed by its own splendid publishing-office and by a conservative judgment, and fathers the issue of whatsoever book is deemed worthy. It has done a great deal for modern Mexico. It publishes the great historic contributions of my honored friend Lic. Alfredo Chavero, and those of the lamented Icazbalceta; the valuable monographs of Peñafiel and García-Cubás; even matter so literary as the charming volumes of my *muy leal* young comrade Luis

González Obregon—who is doing for the legends of colonial Mexico what has been so superbly done for those of colonial Peru by Ricardo Palma. All these works are suitably issued; and some, like the great codices, at enormous expense, and in a style which could not be surpassed anywhere. Meantime the author pays for—the white paper, at most!

The whole literary impulse in Mexico is an honorable story, and strangely interesting. A romance as chivalrous as the Crusades, and far more startling—the supreme adventure, indeed, in the history of man—the Conquest, curiously enough, seems to have inspired thought rather than exaltation. It has never had its Homer, nor even its Virgil; but its Cæsar, its Pliny, its Strabo, and its Herodotus—they have risen by twins and triplets. There was never such another text for balladry; but the poets seem to have been too busy marching superhuman marches, conquering “empires,” and studying the overwhelming problems the New World set upon their slate. A few did break unpredestined into heroic verse—like the “Peregrino Indiano” and dashing Villagran, *arcades ambo* of sorry verse, though precious chronicling.* But it is striking all along that these soldiers of fortune—human enough to fight for gold, feudal enough to fight as hard for the holy faith, crazy enough even to adventure for pure adventure’s sake—were, after all, of the calibre intellectually sobered rather than made drunk by the realities which outdazzled all dreams.

* Villagran’s epic of the New Mexican conquest is one of the most important and one of the most interesting “sources” we have on the history of any part of the American Union.

Spanish America became, with the Conquest, the most active scene of original study in the world. In 1536 the printing-press began, in the City of Mexico, to embalm the labors of the host of scholars who were attacking the linguistic, geographic, and philosophic mysteries of the New World. Before Shakespeare was born, American literature had its beginnings in a library of volumes printed in America in a score of original American languages, besides the mass in Spanish. The first book printed in the New World was Fray Juan de Estrada's *Escala Espiritual para llegar al cielo* ("Spiritual Ladder for reaching Heaven"), a translation of S. Juan Climaco. It was printed in the beginning of 1537, but, unfortunately, no copy is known to have withstood the wear and tear of the theological schools, in which it was a text-book. It was printed by Juan Pablos, the first printer in this hemisphere, the foreman of the first American publishing-house—that of the famous Juan Cromberger, of Seville. The real credit of these beginnings of American literature belongs to Fray Juan de Zumárraga, first Bishop of Mexico. This really notable man, in conjunction with the first and greatest of all Spanish viceroys, Don Antonio de Mendoza, made a contract with Cromberger and brought the first printing-press to America. Cromberger (though early Mexican editions bear his imprint) never crossed the ocean. After his death (1540) Pablos appears on the *portadas* as publisher. He was a Lombard; and, for his circumstance, a good workman. The printing-house was at the southwest corner of the streets De la Moneda and Cerrada de Santa Teresa. The first book left to us of those first printed in America is entitled:

BREVE Y MAS COMPENDIOSA DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA EN LENGUA MEXICANA Y CASTELLANA, que contiene las cosas mas necesárias de nuestra santa fé catholica, para aprovechamiento destos indios naturales y salvacion de sus ánimas. Con licencia y privilegio.

The colophon reads:

Á honra y gloria de Nuestro Señor Jesu-Christo, y de la Virgen Santissima su madre, fué impresa esta DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA por mandado del señor don FRAY JUAN DE ZUMÁRRAGA, primer obispo desta gran ciudad de Tenuchtitlan, Mexico, DESTA NUEVA ESPAÑA, y á su costa, en casa de Juan Cromberger, año de mill y quinientos y treinta y nueve.

"Brief and more compendious Christian Doctrine, in the Mexican [Nahuatl] and Spanish languages, containing the most necessary things of our holy Catholic faith, for the benefit of these native Indians and the salvation of their souls. Published by authority."

"To the honor and glory of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Most Holy Virgin his mother, this *Christian Doctrine* was printed to the order of Fray Juan de Zumárraga, first Bishop of this great city of Tenuchtitlan, Mexico, of this New Spain, and at his cost, in the house of Juan Cromberger, year of one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine."

The third American book, so far as known, was the *Manual de Adultos*, of whose last page and colophon I give a facsimile at scale:



GUILLERMO PRIETO AND HIS DAUGHTER

herro: y dlos idolos lee d herro: dlos idolos. En la ho. xxiij
 fa. j. rē. xvij. do dize Se entienda dello la fe salva: lee por paf epe
 fis Que se entienda dichpo la fe salva. rē. xxiij. dōde dize En este lee
 en este. En la misma eta faz. ij. rē. j. dōde dize el Misterio Jor
 da: lee el misterio d Jor dan. rē. xxiij. dōde dize No ppaia fuya
 specie: lee no propia specie fuya. rē. xxiij. donde dize Aqste q
 ppheta afirma ser ppheta: lee aqsto q ppheta y mas q pph
 ra. En el mismo rē. dōde dize Demadado lo lee dmando dolo.
 En la hoja. xxiij. faz. j. a. iij. rē. donde dize de la Resurrecció: lee
 de resurreccō. y enl. rē. xij. donde dize Tambiē vaca y esta sup
 fluo. En la hoja. xxiij. faz. ij. rē. xij. donde dize y los colocá: lee
 y los coloca. y enl. rē. final donde dize Le penetra: lee lo pene
 tra. En la hoja. xxiij. faz. ij. rē. xij. y. xij. donde dize. y el mudo la
 hazaña: lee y la hazaña. y enl. rē. xxiij. donde dize Dia no pe
 qña: lee dia y no peqña. En la hoja. xxiij. faz. j. rē. j. donde dize
 Le pdonó: lee y le pdonó. En la hoja. xxiij. faz. j. rē. iij. don
 de dize. En el dilatar: lee en lo dilatar.

C Imprimiose este Manual de Adultos en la grã ciudad d
 Mexico por madoado dlos Reverendissimos Señores Obis
 pos d la nueva España y a sus expensas: en casa d Juã Crom
 berger. Año d nacimieto d nuestro señor Jesu Christo d mill
 y quimietos y quarēta. Al. xij. dias d mes d Dizebre.

LAST PAGE AND COLOPHON OF THE THIRD BOOK PRINTED IN THE
 NEW WORLD

Manual de Adultos, Mexico, 1540

The colophon reads, translated :

"This Manual for Adults was printed in the great
 City of Mexico by order of the Most Reverend Bishops
 of New Spain, and at their expense, in the house of
 Juan Cromberger. Year of the birth of Our Lord
 Jesus Christ one thousand five hundred and forty.
 On the 13th day of the month of December."

The fourth book departed from abstract religion

to news with a moral, and is entitled (by interpretation):

Account of the frightful Earthquake which just lately has befallen in the city of Guatemala. A thing of great wonder, and a great example for us all, that we amend our sins and be prepared whenever God shall be pleased to call us.

The colophon carries the imprint of Cromberger and date of 1541—the year of the catastrophe. That was rapid news-gathering for those days. The *terremoto*, of course, is that most dramatic one in North American history in which the Volcán de Agua burst its crater and drowned the young Guatemalan capital and thousands of its settlers. Among them was Doña Beatriz de la Cueva, the wife of Pedro de Alvarado.

But of course the bulk of the sixteenth-century books published in America were purely religious—and the great majority of them for the instruction of the Indians, who were fast learning to read and write in the schools founded by Pedro de Gante and his fellow-missionaries. There were vocabularies, catechisms, etc., in Nahuatl, Mixtec, Zapotec, Otomí, Huastec, Utlatec, Tarasca, Chiapanec, Zoque, Chinantec, Tzendal, Chuchona, etc., not to mention books of law, medicine, sermons, history, and the like, in Spanish and Latin.

The first wood-engraving printed in the New World was the title-page of Juan Gerson's * *Tripartito*, 1544.

The first music published in America† came from

* Perhaps the real author of the *Imitation of Christ*, generally attributed to Thomas á Kempis.

† Except the music pages in Antonio de Espinosa's beautiful *Missale Romanum Ordinarium*, Mexico, 1561, not now accessible.

this press, in 1584—a beautiful Psalter in red and black, full of engravings and illuminated initials.

It has seemed to me worth while to dwell a little upon this phase, since our collective innocence as to pioneer scholarship shows scant amelioration. Between the time these papers came out in *Harper's*

**Ad vespertas per horas.
Antiphona.**

D Ecce est preceptum
meum: ut diligatis in
vicem: sicut dilexi vos. Seculo amen.
Psalmus. 109.

THE SECOND MUSIC PRINTED IN AMERICA

From the *Psalterium Amphonarum*, Mexico, 1584

Magazine and their speedy preparation for book publication, two prominent critical journals of the United States have gravely announced—one, that “the first book published in America was the *Bay Psalm-Book*, 1640”; the other, that the *Jesuit Relations* (printed in France, beginning after 1610) were “the very first beginnings of American literature”—defining the

term as literature written in America and concerning America. Ignorance always dies hard; doubly hard when religious and political prejudice beat under its ribs.

Another very striking point in the literary history of Mexico—and one wholly without parallel in ours—is this: In the first generation after the Conquest there was already in Mexico a band of Indian authors, like Tobar, Zapata, Tezozomoc, Chimalpain, Camargo, Pomar, the Ixtlilxochitls (Antonio, Fernando A., and Fernando P.), and others, whom no student of Americana can ignore. Cortez, like Cæsar, wrote his own commentaries; and it is curious to remember that up to 1830 no book was ever so handsomely published in the United States as the Lorenzana edition of the *Letters* of Cortez in Mexico in 1770. In all our own frontiering I know no chronicle which half-way reaches the human interest of the *True History* of Bernal Diaz del Castillo—the ancient *conquistador* who rose up in Guatemala and his old age to write because the closet historian already “told so many lies.” If he sometimes grumbles a bit, so a soldier may whose teeth are already fallen; but his story is so square and straight and full of heart, so frank and unpretentious, and withal so *simpático*, that I never knew the man or woman who began it but devoured it through, and went back to read it again, and came to a way of picking it up when hours were heavy. No wonder he lived past his hundred years!

Of the long and brilliant list of colonial poets, historians, and philosophers, here is no room for detail. Nor of the later lights, like “El Pensador Mexicano”*

* José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi.

and Acuña. Nor of those who hold the Mexico of to-day up to its best literary traditions—like the few I have named, and Salvador Diaz Miron (foremost of living Mexican poets, though he occupies a cell in San Juan de Ulua), and Juan de Dios Peza, the graceful *improvisador* of the hearth-side, and many more.

The single-heartedness of letters in a land wherein authorship has not taken stature as an alternative from waitering and counter-jumping, stands out strongly in the wide affliction over the death of Prieto. It is a simple and genuine grief, such as more involved societies less and less feel. Perhaps quite as striking proof of the very primitive social atmospheres of the awakened republic, is the fact that this most original and most popular of Mexican poets was long a prominent figure in national politics—and an honor to them. His eloquence saved Juárez in Guadalajara; and his patriotism, fervid in ideals and spotless under temptations, was as signal as his literary gift. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Arista, Alvarez, and Juárez; and in the sequestration of the *Reforma* the almost incalculable estates of the Church passed uncounted through his hands. But fancy Longfellow being called to the cabinet!

Guillermo Prieto, whose fine career was closed by death March 2, 1897, was not only the dean of modern Mexican poets, but probably also the most valuable to his contemporaries and posterity of all the list. He was in effect the Mexican laureate, not because the greatest poet, but because the most national. His brilliant imagination and clear perception ranged not upon a borrowed Parnassus, but in the no less inspiring and much fresher Mexico of his day; and the

romances of his *Musa Callejera* will never lose their charm. They will remain not only favorites of the soil, but precious documents to the historian and student of manners. They paint exactly and vividly the types of the times now gone—and perhaps nowhere else so well portrayed—at once the *china* of the beaver skirts and the *señorita cursí* of the tenements, the *charro* in wide *calzoneras* and sombrero *jarano*, and the ignorant but supercilious *pollo* of the aristocracy. All the passions and all the ideals of the people, their vices and their virtues, found in Prieto their most sympathetic and their most graphic translator. His *Romancero Nacional*, which sings arms and the men of the Mexican Independence, while equal in popularity, and perhaps in quality, will hardly last so long. Events (and the years from Hidalgo on were thick-starred with gallant deeds) have always chroniclers enough, but types and manners pass and are forgotten. Since the Conquest itself, with its wholly unparalleled ethnographic records, there has been no other epoch of Mexican life so perfectly pictured in literature as that which the “Highway Muse” made her own.

Prieto was born in the capital, February 18, 1818. The accompanying portrait, with his daughter Maria, is the last picture ever made of him, and is an unusually faithful likeness of the brave old poet.

The standard of critical appreciation is high even with the newspapers—as is the rule in Latin America. The capital has twenty-seven dailies (including two excellent ones in English), and more weeklies of all sorts than one would care to count. These papers do something to fill the gap in literature. Like Spanish-American papers in general, they are greatly given to

literary supplements, reprinting now some European novel, and quite as often a rare "source" on Mexico. A frank, dignified opposition organ is published in the very home of the central government. There is no sensational journalism in Mexico. The newspapers are modelled after Continental rather than United States fashions. One is always impressed by the lack of "nose for news"—particularly news that smells.

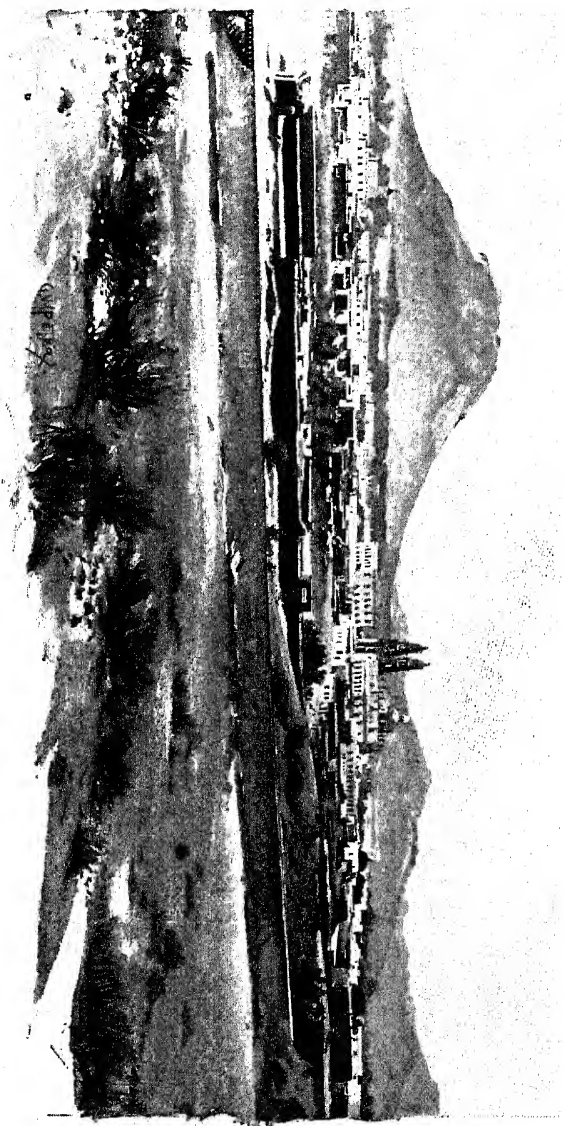
IX

CLUBS NOT TRUMPS

IT is not pleasant for the Saxon traveller in a land of infinite good-breeding to confess the fact that such of the mother-tongue as befalls his ear upon the street comes very largely under the "bigod" classification. There are fine types of American and English manhood in Mexico, types from and creditable to metropolis and frontier; but the wayfarer is sometimes given to wonder where they are. The truth is, of course, that they are about their business, leaving the Queen's and our English to be carried on the street by another sort. Long experience in the lands to the south, and in many of them, breeds vast respect for Spanish-American tolerance.

Outside of the individuals of decency, two broad classes of Americans invade these countries—and make it a wonder of forbearance that their next countryman is not shown the door. One class (now perforce dwindling) proceeds upon the pickhandle policy. If one of these blanked dagos does not comprehend or is a trifle slow—why, fetch him one over the head with the nearest club. This is the way to get respect among the bloody heathen. The other class has for fetich not the bull, but the fox. It is self-evident that people who do not talk English must be dishonest.

GENERAL VIEW OF CHIHUAHUA



Therefore, if you would succeed in business, "fix" them. In both classes it is equally etiquette to blacken the virtue of the women, the courage of the men, and the brains of the race, loudly and in all companies.

Here are the basic reasons why so many Americans have made shipwreck in Mexico; or, succeeding financially, have earned the contempt of the people and of self-respecting travellers. Much as they are other things, they are most of all fools. Fancy a Turk, without a word of English, going into business in New York on those principles.

The day of the pickhandle is played out. The Mexican peon is ignorant and slow, but he is a Solomon beside those who kick him. And any man who is fit to control any men (naturally beginning with himself) can manage them and get good work out of them. The Chihuahua water-works, for instance, were built by an American engineer, John E. McCurdy, with only one assistant. All the workmen were Mexican peons; and I know personally that for that honorable type of the American rover the poorest peon in Chihuahua would do anything. And it is so in my experience of all Latin America—as a fairly sensible man might know without experience.

As for the "fixers," they waste money (generally that of other people) and gain contempt. There is no more need of bribery in modern Mexico than in New Hampshire. For that matter, I have ransacked Spanish America with as little friction, perhaps, as traveller ever had there—and with not the downiest temper known of men—and the largest bribe I ever offered was a native cigarette and a decent greeting. The American corporation which does by far the

widest business (geographically) in Mexico, and has most numerous touch with the people—Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express—conducts its affairs there, as at home, with something resembling common-sense. It has never found it necessary in Mexico to knock down and drag out any one; nor yet to rub its thumb upon its two first fingers under any Mexican's nose. It has found money and honor in the republic; while tuppenny hucksters have gone smash by taking the Mexicans for fools, slaves, and menials.

"How are you getting on?" asked an American, in the capital, of the head of a great enterprise.

"First rate. And you?"

"We-ell, not to brag of. I don't know why, either, for our manager is as sharp as tacks. You bet *he* won't stand any d—d nonsense!"

"Maybe you would do better," said the successful man, quietly, "to find a manager who knows when and where *to* stand a little 'nonsense.' You remember that we are not at home. We have come to do business among a people whose ways are not our ways. It may be wise not to try to change them all at once."

An astounding chapter might be written on the barbarisms and the solecisms of the too general tourist and fortune-seeker, but I have not the heart to spin it out. Some of the expositions I have seen with these eyes could hardly find credence among those who have never observed their neighbor away from home. They would make an amusing list, perhaps; but, after all, the point of the joke is turned the wrong way for an American to hug. He may not lack the sense of humor, and yet not find supremely

"funny" the drunken consul, the misfit minister, the lay boor, whose antics discredit not them alone, but the country of whose good name he is tender. He may smile at the ignorances which are so deep as to seem incredible; but the heartlessness and soullessness of it all are more like to turn him sad.

I cannot do justice to the infinite courtesy of a people to whom so many strangers show so little. From beggar to prince, the Spanish American has the heritage of breeding. His address would grace a court, and it lends a fine distinction to the hovel. There have been travellers so naïve as to tax him with insincerity. "Your house, sir," he says to you; and these sheer Saxons are deeply grieved that he does not give them a bill of sale. That he gives a hospitality no land ever surpassed—and few equal—is nothing. He says the house is yours, and he doesn't move out. How insincere! Perhaps we have preserved, amid the evolution of American humor, some trace of the insular ancestry.

As a matter of fact, I have found the Spanish American not only of incomparably more tact, but of fully as deep sincerity as my countrymen. Speech is currency; and the more flowery, the more discount from its face. But it is sure that when the don says "*Su casa, señor*," it is actually yours for all the uses of an honored guest, and to an extent that does not in any way obtain between us and strangers in our homes. Hospitality is Latin in fact as in name.

Perhaps the most striking quality of this courtesy is its democracy. The Saxon, even in a republic, is polite to his friends and superiors, if he can be polite at all. The Iberian is polite to every one—to his ser-

vants, the beggar at the curb, the foreigner with nose aloft. In more than a dozen years of intimacy with his lands I have never found one flaw in his manners. A courtesy has never been denied me in Spanish America—and in my business I have had to look for courtesies at the hands of presidents and paupers. My travels have not been with reference to ease, but to find out; and in a majority of them I have been dependent upon the penetrability of the people—for where one goes who would really learn an undeveloped country, money is not enough. No door was ever shut to me by any Spanish American, nor even by any Indian of Spanish speech, in the wildest and poorest corner between Colorado and Chile. I have been gently forced to sleep on the one bed of a hovel while for me the aged hosts slept on the dirt floor; I have come in the tatters of a long mountaineering to a princely *hacienda* and found a prince's welcome, not as Anybody, but as a man. For a trifling example, in this last overrunning of Mexico the photographs I wished to make called me upon over three hundred roofs—of hovels and palaces, stores and churches—and I remember every one of them for a pleasure, savored by the unvarying courtesy which robbed my wholesale trespass of its natural reluctances.

X

THE MAN

WHEN you have passed through Purgatory (and in Mexico one need not even take the trouble to die for the itinerary, since that is a pet name of the salon *contraesquina* from the Hall of Ambassadors), when you have left to their pain and surprise at your preference the fifty or so of politicians, concessionaires, senators, *hacendados*, and Indian servant-folk, cooling-themselves-the-heels in "Limbo," then you are on the threshold of a notable experience. For you are to meet what is probably the greatest figure—as it is unquestionably the most romantic—in the world's politics this half-century.

To any unglazed wits there is sudden and sharp significance in the way yonder door swings. An unprepared Indian would know instantly that Somebody was coming; for here already is the clew of force in equilibrium. The figure which advances by something so wholly unlike the strenuous Saxon stride, so equally impressive, yet far more graceful; so supple as a puma, yet without a suggestion of stealth; so instinct at once with frankness and dignity, with power and ease—it is; for all the distracting windows at its back, as gallant a presence as one will know. You hear a mellow, direct, expressive voice, you grasp a fine, firm,

dry hand, and before you know it you are seated vis-à-vis with the creator of a new factor in American destiny.

It may occur to you presently that, as the chairs stand, your face is given over to be cross-examined by the windows, while his is excused by the shadow. Possibly you will also come to realize that this is the least searchlight turned upon you. Yet as your pupils grow wonted and you find your way deeper into those remarkable eyes, which are, after all, not abusing their advantage, there is no feeling of embarrassment. They are eyes that can read—you will not need to be told that—and eyes that mean to read. But they are frank, courteous, friendly eyes; and you are sure you like them—and sure you like everything that goes with them. It seems to be established that no man has talked with Diaz directly, free from the unapt interpreter's awful aid, but came away a little awed, a great deal impressed, and very largely won. It has been one secret of this marvellous career that it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the man. It is vouched for by face and voice, and inheres in the very carriage—no scrub can walk quite like that. At the same time the impression of reserve is fully as strong. It is a purely leonine type—not by bulk or shag, but by look and port—and with no suggestion of the fox or his cousin wolf.

A man of five feet eight, erect as the Indian he is disproportionately confounded with, quick as the Iberian he far more nearly is, a fine agreement of unusual physical strength and still more unusual grace, with the true Indian trunk and the muscular European limbs, Diaz is physically one man in twenty thousand.

The single infusion of aboriginal blood (and that at the beginning of this century) is an inheritance much more visible in his figure than in his face. The features and expression are essentially of Spain; it is only in full repose that the face recalls that certain hauteur and inscrutableness of the first Americans. But the superb, deep chest and capacious barrel, the fortress of vitality, are pretty certainly derived from an out-door ancestry. On the other hand, just such legs do not grow upon the Indian, nor upon any athlete who has not made conquest of the horse. This man seems to have taken the best from both types.

There are young old men everywhere, but this is the freshest veteran in my knowledge. By the lithe step, the fine ruddy skin, whose capillaries have not yet learned to clog or knot, by the keen, full eye, or the round, flexible voice, it seems a palpable absurdity to pretend that this man has counted not only sixty-seven years, but years of supreme stress. If in forty of them he ever knew a comforting certainty, it must have been by faith and not by sight; for from boyhood to middle life his face was always against overwhelming odds.

If fair fluency in reading physical tokens has impressed upon the visitor a certain conviction, the conversation is definitive. Some men look and walk like gods—and talk as if there were none. I have known a very few whose address carried the same contagion, and one whose words were as compelling, but never another man whose language, purely as a medium, so captured me. It is not the Spanish of the *Real Academia*—itself a gallant thing to be heard, for its very circuitousness and melody and courtly indirect-

tion. Nor yet is it anything wherewith the dilettanti of Madrid might quarrel. It is, though Spanish, emphatically modern, and withal reconciles that lurking contradiction. It is the most luminous, direct, sinewy speech I have heard in any tongue—an unlisped Spanish which leads one to forgive, for the moment, the harshened sibilants of Mexico; a Spanish swift but unhurried; concise as Greek and as lithe; forceful as clean Saxon, compact as an Indian tongue, nutty as French, and musical as no civilized vernacular can be, outside of Spanish. Yet it is the music of the bugle, and not of the usual guitar. A paradox, undoubtedly; for at once it is poised, yet flies like an arrow to the butt; the perfection of courtesy, yet not carelessly to be disputed; absolutely free from the weak vice of epigram, but concise beyond parallel. I have never talked with another man by the hour at a time without catching him in one waste word.

This, at one's first meeting with Diaz, is one's first astonishment, and may linger among the latest. Clear speech means clear thought—assembled, marshalled thought; and speech so marvellously diagrammatic must refer to unusual mental processes. And even while one glows at this apparently unconscious pastmastery of words, the larger presence enters. This speech is no mere trick of mouth, but the medium of a very unusual mind.

It might be rash to lug into any comparison the Iron Chancellor, but of actual rulers, republican or dynastic, there certainly is not another—if there may have been one—so “posted” as the man of Mexico. Off-hand, without hesitation and with accuracy (as I have often been at pains to verify), he gives whatso-

ever detail is desired of whatsoever branch of government. He is more ready than the contractors themselves as to the men and money using in some great work. The commanders of the military zones can tell you (in twice the words) as much each of his own scope as Díaz can tell you of the entire field. The superintendent of education in a district may be as informative (if you give him time) about the schools in his charge as the creator of the Mexican public-school system is about the districts *en masse*. It is an open secret in the capital that the President not infrequently worsts his ministers in their own fields. Not all of the cabinet are wonders; but all are able men, and at least three of them extraordinary ones.* I do not mean to lay all this to the doorstep of genius. It is not more due to his most rare faculty of grasp than to his enormous application for the mastery of every question. And—a genuine test of breadth—he is not afraid to say “I do not know.” He ventures no opinion in things he has not measured.

This strangely direct and pregnant speech, a model of saying most in speaking least, runs, nevertheless, with all the sincerity and the winningness of a boy. It is conclusive without being oracular, balanced yet without self-consciousness, engaging yet reserved, especially as the subject warms him. It was when we came to schools that the “autocrat” came suddenly

* The cabinet is composed as follows: Foreign Relations (and Vice-President of the Republic), Ignacio M. Mariscal; Interior, General Manuel Gonzales Cosío; War, General Felipe B. Berriozábal; Communications, General Francisco Z. Mena; Encouragement, Manuel Fernandez Leal; Justice and Public Instruction, Joaquin Baranda; Treasury, José Ives Limantour.

to his feet and translated me to a distant inner room and showed me his private maps. The big plan of the capital bristled with pins, their heads of three colors (this was just before the federal round-up of schools in July, 1896; now there are but two colors); and his knowledge of the schools all and several, when and where and how, was as graphic as the map itself. It was less surprising when he spread upon the same engineer's table accurate charts of the republic, with their like pin-head kaleidoscope—but now pins for troops and regiments, for horse, foot, and artillery. So much may be expected of a right soldier; but that absolute grip on the situation by-and-large, and that ability to put it within the fist of a rank outsider at one handful, are no part of the usual military trappings.

The conceit is still a little yonder which could make me dare pretend to translate that arrowy speech into any English within my grasp. But of our conversations there were two things so typical they should be saved in what paraphrase they may. When once we spoke of the school system he has created for Mexico—the theme which more than any other seemed to kindle him—and when he had given in five minutes an astonishing bird's-eye view of a huge field, he added (it seemed to me with a fine mingling of dignity and pathos): "And the English is compulsory. So when we the old are gone, Mexico will have two idioms."

And again, when the theme was the steps up which, one by one, he has handed Mexico from intermittent anarchy to sure peace, he said, gravely and with that same terseness: "It needed something of the strong

hand [*la mano dura*]. But every year it could relax. Now, though there are some who do not love 'Porfirio,' all love peace. So the fist is wide open. There is full liberty—free schools, free ballot, free speech, free press. They may do what they will, so they do not fire a gun at me."

This is very tame beside the idiomatic Spanish in which it was said, but it is indexical. Here is the key-note of modern Mexico—a "dictatorship" which has spent ungrudgingly its blood and its care for the country's progress.

It is this man, whose eye and voice and step belie the half his years, that has wrought the Mexican miracle. And if he has put a new face on his country, it is not a whit more remarkable than the transformation he has wrought upon his own shoulders. This has been a transfiguration of which I know no parallel. Making due allowance for the change of fashion in facial landscape-gardening, Porfirio Diaz was not from the start visibly frontispiced by fate for all that he has become. Within a youth's memory he wore the mere features of a soldier. Even in the seventies he might have been a chief of *rurales*. But to-day his face is unmistakable, and a proverb for "the handsomest man in Mexico." By sheer features this is not true; but by the collective impression it is. In a generation he has given himself a new face, and even made over the shape of his head. In all the breadth of a regenerated republic there is no more striking monument to the thought it has needed to turn the Mexico in which Juárez died into the Mexico of to-day than the very head of the man who did it.

This may naturally raise the question just where

and when his real greatness of spirit began. What was his first motive to the Presidency? Was it as purely patriotic as his military career unquestionably had been? Or was it a personal lust—later tamed and purified by responsibility and the evolution of events? Was it the professional revolution of independent Latin America—an Out trying to get In—or was it something more prophetic? One's first presumption may easily be—as mine was before I had earned any right to presume—that the revolt against Juárez and the upsetting of Lerdo were rather less nobly inspired than their sequel.

It is good history as well as good morals that no man can play a part absolutely and always. If he be acting, he will sometimes forget his rôle, and we shall catch him. If he is never inconsistent, then he cannot be making believe. The career of Diaz seems to me to stand that test, for it has been logical in every step. The Pretender could not have known all he was to do; but he certainly knew very well what he was doing. He saw the consummate need of his centrifugal country, and the only man who could fill it. Something more or less like usurpation had become the recognized highway to the Presidency—not an incumbent, since the *Independência* had an absolutely clean title of election—and among the periodic crowd of usurpers he knew one who could lift the country permanently out of the reach of usurpation. If under our notions of democracy we cannot quite grasp the premise, we can at least read the logic of his demonstration. From the first he has walked a straight and narrow path towards the consistent goal. A cavalier might well refuse the advances of his country's foes,

but only a patriot would have declined his country's proffers as too generous for her own good. There was nothing parvenu in the penniless lad who refused pay for his first military service ; nor in the struggling youth who declined the law degree that Juárez gave him, and studied two years longer, amid arduous duties, to earn it ; nor in the young officer who several times declined to be promoted over the heads of his elders, lest it create jealousies harmful to the cause ; nor in the sudden popular idol who could have had the Presidency at Maximilian's hands—and with it the deliverance of his country—but would not, because Juárez was his President.

This may not be so picturesque a conclusion as the notion that here was a sheer usurper, gradually transformed to a high patriot by the unfolding of events and of his own eyesight, but it seems to tally better with the record. We have reasonable authority, too, for knowing a man by his fruits. Several Presidents of Mexico have tried to do something for their country besides sitting at its head ; not all of them together have done for it what Diaz has. It would doubtless be a poor creature who had no ambitions of his own. A fit selfishness is the datum-plane of humanity, and only above that is man's altitude measured—by the measure wherewith he subordinates that ambition to other things, or other things to that ambition. Diaz has never needed a guardian, but neither has his country, since he came up.

Bearing on the same point from another side is the attitude of his present authority. No Governor in our States is more accessible than this President, plus. He wears no body-guards, no hedges, no osten-

tation. It is not precisely a czar who gives audience to laborers, rides unattended in a street car, and often walks to his residence alone, or to church with no more retinue than his wife. A man of warm friendships as of stanch resentments, he does not abuse either. He may not forget, but he does shelve, a personal grudge whose object can be a citizen of use to the republic, and his whole tenure of office is full of instances. As to his friends, he remembers a certain fine discrimination between Porfirio Diaz and President Diaz. No one is allowed to become his shadow, and he is scrupulous that his public goings and comings shall not be inseparably associated with certain companions. For, in his own words, "Nothing so irritates a people as the insolence of favorites—and all favorites tend to insolence."

This, of course, is a matter of business judgment. Outside what he conceives to be a ruler's duty to the public, he is not only accessible, but notoriously warm-hearted. His career is as full of handsome friendships and tender mercies as of uncompromising firmness. One incident, which I believe has not been published, is illustrative of the man. In June, 1895, the President was invited to Catorce,* the chief mining camp of San Luis Potosí, to inaugurate the great electrical plant (the first of its kind in Mexico) at the Santa Ana Mine. A large company of the foremost men in Mexico had come up with him from the capital, and the mine-owners had made a fitting *fiesta*.

* La Purísima Concepcion de Alamos de Catorce. The *Real* (mining camp) was founded in 1773, when Sebastian Coronado and Bernabé Antonio de Zepeda discovered its veins. They made it produce nearly four millions a year.

When Diaz appeared at the works the laborers went wild, and surged forward upon the Presidential party. A stranger might have fancied this tattered and mine-stained horde about to swallow up the little knot of broadclothed statesmen. One grizzled old Indian in the van hurled his shabby hat aloft with a stentorian shout above all the clamor, "*Viva nuestro tata!*"* and, rushing upon the nonplussed President, caught him a tremendous hug that fairly lifted him from his feet. Diaz involuntarily fell back a step. Then his inscrutable face suddenly resolved in a smile, half humorous, half tender; and as his friends elbowed him out of the crush they saw a tear creeping down each cheek.

As the military history of Diaz in many ways suggests that of Grant—though he had none of Grant's technical preparation, and led far smaller armies, and had always to create them himself out of next to nothing, forging invincible steel from the peon mud—so does his personal simplicity. At the opening of the lips the resemblance ceases; but there was the same quietness of taste. No man of Latin blood could disregard the demands of ceremony in a ruler; no man of any blood could be more modest in them. When and where etiquette compels, Diaz is splendid; and none can better carry off the pomp and circumstance of state than this ascended soldier, who would be at home in any court. But outside the necessities of occasion, he goes as unfrilled as our President; scrupulously neat and scrupulously simple in his dress.

* "Long live our father!" Tata is at once as affectionate as "daddy," yet reverent. The Indians use it of God.

And while a tyrant may be unvain, tyrants do not walk loose among their serfs.

There is a deeper test of balance than unpretentiousness amid the temptations of practically supreme power. Diaz has remained to this day a man of the strictest habits. He has no vices—not even that sweetest and most human vice which is so easy to an autocrat. Abstemious, methodical, tireless; working with remarkable despatch a long day, yet scrupulous that not even the nation shall quite rob his family of him; early to bed and early to rise; always busy but never hurried; a sturdy walker; a superb rider of superb horses; a real hunter—as frontiersmen count hunters, and not by the category of titled trigger-pullers who butcher tame, fenced game—the private life of this curious man is as wholesome as his administration, and has broadly aided it.

It has been a greater thing to conquer the hearts than the hands of a nation. I can remember when to scratch a Mexican college-boy was pretty generally to find an anti-*Porfirista*; and every priest's robe covered a Tory. Why? Well, the radical objection to the President was—that he was President. Sophomoric minds, overfed with reading, looked more to the shadow than to the substance. They tended—as their elders sometimes tend—to remember the theory and forget the fact. They failed to notice that all of a republic is not the license of all to misgovern themselves; that peace, security, the equal conservation of every man's right, are as significant of democracy as is the name of an office; and they were restive over a matter of definition. It was almost precisely the same "objection to federal interference" upon which



SEÑORA DIAZ, CALLED "CARMELITA, THE IDOL OF MEXICO"

the people of the United States sat *en banc* a few months ago, and gave verdict for defendant.

But this last barrier between Diaz and the inner hearts of his people has gone down before his personality. It was partly by *la mano dura*, but more by the clear head and the clean record. It might be too much to call any man unselfish; it is enough when a man *acts* unselfishly—and this is the root of this man's complete mastery. It has become inevitable, even to the most unthoughtful stiff-neck, not only that he could hold his place, but that he held it in trust. Within a few years—even within his term just ended—the last opposition to Diaz has died a natural death. Even the Church party, which delivered its country up to the Intervention of the Philistines, sees now that it would be folly to exchange a just opponent for a partisan of its own.

The hold of Diaz on his countrymen began in his extraordinary military career. Not only its brilliancy, but its patriotism, kindled hero-worship to a blaze. In the longest and darkest night that Mexico ever knew, he rose early and shone steadfast, the star of hope for national autonomy. His people, his government, and his foe all came to recognize him as the first soldier of Mexico. Upon the head of this, to general surprise, he has earned a still rarer distinction. The greatest general in Mexican history, he has also proved himself the greatest statesman. And no less than his record of war and administration, his private character has conquered the love of those whose admiration was already stormed. His relations as husband, father, and man have all been to the point. His first wife, mother of his three children, was a lovable girl, who

died too soon to share his full greatness; but when, in 1883, he married Carmen Romero Rúbio, the daughter of an old antagonist, he gave Mexico a universal idol. A young woman of unusual beauty of person and character, highly educated (in the United States), fluent in French and English as in the best Spanish, "Carmelita," as she is lovingly called by all Mexico, rich and poor alike, has been her husband's complement not only in the home but in the nation. To the social charm of a high-bred Spanish woman, and the heart of universal womanhood, she adds the horizons of a modern education. Gracious and unspoiled, prominent in all benevolences, and a model in the exigent Spanish traditions of the homekeeper, she has won love beyond any other woman in Mexican history.

The Presidential family is a pleasant one all through. Of the two daughters, one is married. The son, Porfirio junior, has recently taken his degree as civil engineer, after as stiff a course as if he had been a peon's boy, and through a final examination which was made unusually rigorous by his father's wish. "The President's son," said Diaz, "must have nothing which he has not surely earned."

It was an innovation when Diaz declined to live in the national palace. Part of the year he resides in his private house in the Street of the Chain, but part in the historic castle of Chapultepec—the fabled (and only fabled) summer home of Motecuzoma, a palace of the Viceroy from Galvez* down, and the chosen spot of Maximilian and Carlota. The rock Hill of

* It cost that *Virey* \$300,000 for his improvements there.

the Grasshopper, set amid immemorial *ahuehuetes*, has at its feet the making of the noblest park in the world, of its size; and no other palace in any land commands so superb a view. Below, the strong spring of "Montezuma's Bath" wells up under the gigantic trees; and the twin aqueducts, like inconceivable centipedes turned to stone, twist away towards the city; and the outcrop rock is carved with the pictographs of forgotten Aztec war-captains. Behind is the historic field of Molino del Rey; and at the top, elbowing the palace, the military academy whose school-boys were defeated by the army of the United States.

XI

THE LADDER

ONE tires of "lives stranger than romance"—in the romances; but, seriously, it would be a confident novelist who ventured to invent a career like that of Diaz and date it in this century. It reads rather like a chapter from the Crusades than like anything we can realize as modern American. Probably no other ruler since the Lion Heart has run quite such a gamut

"of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe."

Hero of more than fifty battles—and not by heliograph, but at the head of his men—ablaze with decorations when in full dress, but with not enough medals to cover one apiece the scars that earned them; leader of desperate charges and defender of forlorn hopes; half a dozen times prisoner, and as often escaping by the narrowest hazards; forty years in service, and almost all of it uphill on grades that might have daunted Sisyphus—it is a wonderful story between the orphan boy of Oaxaca and the head of modern Mexico. It would be impossible here to go

into that career with any detail ; but the barest outline is significant.

Porfirio Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca, September 15, 1830, on the eve of the anniversary of the birth of Mexican independence. There has been confusion as to the locality, and in the city itself are a score of contradictory relations ; so I have taken pains to be fortified over his own hand :

"It was in the city of Oaxaca, Street of La Soledad, south side, No. 10, in which house is now a sugar-factory."

His father, Captain José Faustino Diaz, was of Astúrian stock which came to Mexico in the first years of the Conquest. He died in 1833. Doña Petrona Mory, Porfirio's forceful mother, brought him the drop of aboriginal blood, her grandmother having been a Mixteca. She marked the boy out for the Church ; and after finishing with the primary school at seven, taking his turn as errand-boy in a store, and going to the secondary school from eight to fourteen, he entered the seminary. The family had lost its modest fortune, and he supported himself by tutoring. Here he fell in the way of the great Zapotec, Juárez, then Governor of the state, who took a generous interest in the unguessed lad who was to mean so much to Mexico and to Juárez.

At seventeen Porfirio volunteered, with some of his comrades, for the war with the United States. To their grief they were not sent to the front, but served as a home militia—the redoubtable company of the "Nothing's Better," as equivocal townsmen dubbed them.

Against his mother's hope, his patron's rage, and

the scandal of the bishop, the young theologue soon decided to be a lawyer and not a priest. Thrown entirely on his own resources, he kept in the institute by taking pupils and by the slender help of the librarianship, secured for him by the Governor. Graduating from the four years' course, he entered the law-office of Juárez, becoming also professor of Roman law in his alma mater, and president of the law-club of Oaxaca.

His first taste of war was under Herrera, in revolt against the usurper Santa Anna. In the plebiscite Diaz was the only student who dared walk up to the tables and sign against the tyrant; and for this audacity had to fly for his life. In the revolution which ended with the expulsion of that strange cross of ass and wolf, whom one of the most naïve of Mexican folk-songs celebrates in

"La pata de Sant' Anna,"

young Diaz became Jefe Político (mayor) of Ixtlan. In this hamlet was the first fair scope for the military bent which had been visible even in his childhood. He drilled the half-naked Indians of his *jefatura* on Sundays, holding them by dances, a gymnasium, and the like artifices until he had a really valuable militia. When Garcia "pronounced" in Oaxaca, the boy Mayor of Ixtlan marched on that capital with his aborigines and induced the usurper to "take it back"; and upon Garcia's renewal of the pronunciamiento, Diaz returned and took the city, and the small despot fled. For this service Diaz refused the pay proffered him. A little later he resigned his post as Mayor to become Captain in the National Guard at less than



PORFIRIO DIAZ, JUN.

half the pay, and won his first laurels in crushing the rebellion of Jamiltepec. Badly wounded, he saw the weak point in the insurgent lines, and won the day. It was a week before he reached a doctor, and he carried the bullet more than a year.

In 1858, when Cobos (Conservative) attacked Oaxaca, Diaz beat him off, pursued him, and whipped him again at Jalapa, fighting against heavy odds. As the war of the *Reforma* broadened, Juárez gave the young officer the important post of Jefe of Tehuantepec. In this remote corner, unaided by the beset government and sore pressed by the Conservatives (Church party), he not only held his own for two years in the field, but began to give earnest of administrative skill, straightening out the sorry tangle of public affairs in Tehuantepec, and trying his 'prentice hand at public education and "better government." In April, 1858, at the Hacienda de las Jícaras, he set the pattern of tactics always thereafter characteristic of him—the night march and the daybreak assault. In all his military career it was the case that the other man did not get up quite early enough.

In June of the next year he won the important action of the Mixtequilla and a lieutenant-colonelcy. Still weak from the operation to extract the bullet of Jamiltepec, he defended in Juchitan, and then conveyed safely across the isthmus a store of munitions of war, obeying the spirit but breaking the letter of government instructions to destroy it before it should fall into the enemy's hands. In November, Alarcon having captured Tehuantepec, Diaz stormed it at dawn with three hundred men, and took it back for Mexico. In January, 1860, with five hundred raw

troops, he met and routed Cobos's superior force near Mitla, leading the charge at the critical moment.

Oaxaca elected him a deputy to Congress; and when, in June, 1861, Márquez attacked the national capital, Diaz hurried from the legislative halls, and, under the orders of General Mejia, defeated the revolutionists. For this he was made Chief of Brigade of Oaxaca. He pursued Márquez for two months, and August 13, 1861, attacked the rebels by night in Jalatlaco. It was a hand-to-hand fight, marked by another of the almost miraculous escapes which gave Diaz the name of an enchanted life, and was another victory for him.

But the other divisions of the army were not so successful; and President Juárez, whose greatness lay rather in steadfastness than in resource, seemed to lack the talent for unification. His sluggishness permitted the Church party to gain great headway, and at the same time his measures weakened and split the Nationalists. An unpaid army, increased taxes, forced loans, and the suicidal repudiation of the foreign debt not only crippled the government at home, but brought about its ears the armed intervention of France, England, and Spain. When the actual invasion began, in the spring of 1862, Juárez set the brigades of Mejia and Diaz to make front against the invaders, while he should gather forces in the interior. A magazine explosion practically wiped out Mejia's command, and Diaz was left to bear the brunt. His brother Felix, who was with him at the front, stood off a thousand zouaves with a handful of lancers until seventy-five per cent. of his men were slain and he was wounded and a prisoner. Watching his chance,

he limped towards his pet horse, flung himself across its back, and escaped through a rain of lead. Porfirio covered the retreat of General Zaragoza on Puebla, checking the French at the hill of Aculzingo. During the siege of Puebla which followed, Diaz held the most exposed position, the road to Amozoc. In the splendid battle which gave Mexico one of her proudest anniversaries, the Cinco de Mayo (May 5, 1862), Diaz and his raw men met on level ground the trained European soldiers of Lorencez, withstood their charges, turned them, and chased them.

In January, 1863, the French general Forey laid siege to Puebla with an outnumbering force and by precise stages. In one of the many assaults on the corner held by Diaz the zouaves broke into the first court-yard of his stronghold, the Meson de San Marcos. Diaz ran back alone and fired the solitary field-piece which commanded the gate,* mowing down the foremost of the enemy; then, at the head of his reanimated men, whipped out the storming party and closed the breach. On May 17th the beleaguered city had to capitulate, but Diaz refused to take parole with the other officers, and soon made his escape.

At this juncture President Juárez offered to make him Secretary of War or commander of an army corps; but Diaz declined both honors, on the ground that such promotion of so young a man would cause harmful jealousies. He covered the retreat of the

* He writes me that the popular story of his having loaded it with cobblestones (for want of ball) is untrue. The gun was loaded, and "all he did" was to run back in the face of the enemy and discharge it.

national government from Mexico to San Luis Potosí, reorganized the army as commander-in-chief, and accepted command of the Army of the East, with jurisdiction from Puebla to Central America. Marching down from Querétaro with a small force, across the states of Mexico and Michoacan, under the very noses of the enemy, and capturing Tasco en route, he reached Oaxaca and established headquarters. His commission as general of division, the highest rank in the Mexican army, came next. In three years the Nobody of Oaxaca had risen to be second only to the President of the republic, and almost the last hope of his country. The capital, the chief cities and ports, and nearly all the northern states were in the hands of the enemy; the very government was vagrant; but down in Oaxaca Diaz kept a "solid south." By a remarkable administrative ability he soon put his native state on a business basis, besides garrisoning its important points and gathering at his own elbow 3000 drilled men and the cash to handle them. As his strength there led the French to turn more towards the north, Diaz began to move up, until General Brincourt and a large force were sent to check him. In December, 1864, the largest campaign of the Intervention was aimed at him; and early in 1865 these vastly superior forces shut him up in Oaxaca. The self-made Mexican had already become of such consideration that Bazaine took the field against him in person; and after a vain attempt to bargain (with equal honors in the imperial army as an inducement), pressed the siege at once with vigor and a caution palpably bent on avoiding all slips. The beleaguered tightened their hungry-belts and ran the church-bells

into cannon-balls. At the beginning of the end, Diaz took his post at the howitzer in a church tower, and kept it hot till every man of the crew but one beside him was slain, and his officers came up and dragged him away.

After three weeks of hopeless resistance, Oaxaca capitulated. All the captured officers except three pledged themselves to stand neutral the rest of the war; and Diaz, with the two other stiff-necks, was dungeoned in Puebla. After tunnelling almost to freedom, and being thwarted in several other attempts to escape, Porfirio finally dodged the turnkey, scaled the prison wall, and got away—with a reward of \$10,000 on his head.

The Mexican cause was desperate. The French and the traitors held practically all the country's area and resources. The stoic Juárez, almost without armies or territory—only the petty port of Guaymas, pocketed on the Californian Gulf, and the desert state of Chihuahua were left him—had to clap his hat on the government and betake it to Saltillo, to Chihuahua, and finally to Paso del Norte, on our frontier. Such deathless courage as his needed only a hint of success to make it contagious; but he was not of that untranslatable temper which the Spanish call *simpático*, and could not buoy up a people. The hopes of Mexico were at zero.

Diaz understood the need of the hour. It was no time to lay out a deliberate campaign. Swift, sharp blows that should, even if intrinsically trivial, electrify the numbed hopes of the Nationalists—that was what was called for. His escape from Puebla was effected on September 20, and on the 22d, with a hasty handful

of men, he surprised and captured the garrison of Tehuicingo. Next day he routed another Imperialist force, and acquired arms and horses with which to fight. A week later he stole a march on the superior force of Visoso, who had come after him, whipped it, and got its cash-box. By little gathering men and arms, he turned again on the pursuer, led him out into an ambushade, and smashed his forces. The end of it was that Visoso came over bodily to his brilliant adversary, and did good service for Mexico.

These minor but heart-warming affairs began to work like yeast among the despairing patriots; and as Diaz loomed larger in the south, the fugitive government and disjointed nation took heart of hope. Dwindled almost to the consequence of guerilla warfare, the one-sided struggle went on with new courage.

As the gathering climax of our civil war made clear the inevitable triumph of the Federal government, the moral pressure of the United States began to be felt seriously by the arch-Interventionist; while unofficial help of men and money commenced to leak over our border, to the discomfiture of his tools. In January, 1866, brought to his tardy senses by the stiffness of Seward, Napoleon rang the death-knell of the Mexican Empire, proclaiming the withdrawal of his troops in a year. Though so basely deserted, Maximilian had still the forces to keep him for some time master of the field, while his plan of conciliation bade fair to bring him by a better road to success. Juárez could not be thought of as a compromise, being at once the head of the opposition and none too strong with his countrymen. Through Bazaine the Presidency was

proffered to Diaz; but the gentleman later of Metz was dealing with a stranger. The Mexican did not even reply.

Seeing the French occupied in the north, Diaz began in the spring of 1866 to advance his fences, and won several minor engagements. After one of these, the baffled Imperialist Trujeque invited him to a parley, and when Diaz arrived in the enemy's camp he was fired on by men concealed in an adjacent building, but wheeled his horse like a flash and escaped.

In face of an enemy superior in numbers, discipline, and equipment, Diaz whetted his tactics. Seconded by his dashing brother Felix, he toled the enemy up and down the familiar hills of his boyhood, tired and tantalized and disgusted them—and in the hour of their weariness fell upon them like a cloud-burst. He juggled his small force with consummate dexterity, winning action after action by the precise diplomacy of a New Mexican acquaintance of mine who sold "half" his cattle in the morning on the east side of the mountain, and drove them around to the west side and sold "the rest" in the afternoon. Diaz dragged brush behind his troopers, to kick up the dust of a conquering host; popped up a handful of cavalry first on one hill and then on another—and conquered the bedeviled enemy almost as much by his ingenuity as by his desperate in-fighting. Of this picturesque campaign the famous battles of Miahuatlan and La Carbonera were most important. Oronoz, with a larger force and far better armed, doubled and surprised him through the carelessness of a captain. Diaz and thirty men stood off the attack till his cavalry could resaddle and his infantry fall in. He

fought stubbornly until he saw his powder giving out, and then carried his little force in a mad charge upon Oronoz's centre, took the battery, turned it on the Imperialists, and though overwhelmed with numbers stood to the guns till his little reserve came and turned the field to a rout, capturing forty officers, the baggage-train, and the all-important arms. He drove Oronoz into a fortified position, intercepted the Austrian reinforcements, and after withstanding four charges, turned them, and took their cannon, ammunition, and several hundred carbines. Marching straight on Oaxaca, he took his native city from the invaders after a sharp siege. It was prophetic of the man that in this time of stress he founded the Oaxaca model school for girls—the forecast of that system which is working the greatest social change in Mexican history.

When the over-persuaded Emperor—already in motion to sail for Europe—returned to the capital to “stick it out,” and took the field in person, the republican armies focused on the north, and the distant Oaxacan was left to work out his own salvation. Again Maximilian attempted to bargain with him—now for a free exit for the French arms. But Diaz quietly referred him to the wandering President.

Thrown entirely on his own resources for men, money, and arms—and even at times bled of his levies by the worried government—Diaz merely went at it the harder. Known for scrupulousness, he secured voluntary loans where forced loans had been hopeless. Gathering up what men and material he could, he besieged Puebla, with six field-pieces against her hundred. It was his third turn at Puebla, twice as be-

sieged, now as besieger. In the three weeks of the investment he was everywhere, and survived not only the usual perils of the assault, but was dug out whole from under the ruins of an adobe wall.

Learning that an army as large as his own was on its way to reinforce the besieged, he ordered all the preparations for withdrawing. Not only the enemy, but his own officers took him to be headed for Mexico, and both approved his wisdom under the circumstances. But though the Spanish calendar has no special associations with April 1, the date was *à propos*. That night his army kept their teeth on surprising news. Before dawn of April 2 (1867) Diaz made a feint on the south of the city, and followed with a desperate assault all along the line. He took it point by point, by hand; and at daylight had scored his greatest battle and redeemed Puebla.

Amid the reprisals of these embittered struggles Diaz had achieved an honorable distinction for humanity to his prisoners; and this became no small factor in his successes. Here at Puebla he pardoned the captured officers, who fully expected a fusillade, and among them the officious fellow who had added \$1000 from his own pocket to the price set on Porfirio's head after his escape from this same city.

Marching up from his great victory, the hero of Puebla met the enemy's reinforcements and ran them back to Mexico in "The Five Days' Battle." Shutting up Márquez in the capital, but unwilling to bombard that splendid city, Diaz put on the thumb-screws with patient deliberation. Escobedo finally overcame the far inferior force with which Maximilian had held out so long against him in Querétaro. June 19 (1867)

the ill-fated Emperor and his two stanch generals were executed, and next day Mexico surrendered to Diaz. People noted that the victorious general came in unostentatiously, and fell to setting things in order, but that he was ready with a splendid demonstration when the long-exiled President returned, July 15. His task done, Diaz resigned, and after serving for a few months, by request, in a reorganization of the army, he retired quietly to private life.

His native city met him with open arms; and besides the highest civic honors gave him in fee simple the estate of La Noria. Here for a couple of years Diaz lived as a peaceful manufacturer of cane sugar and a man of family, having been married by proxy, on the day of his victory at Puebla, to Delfina Ortega y Reyes.

The Presidential campaign of 1867 was marked by new convulsions in Mexico. The Progresistas made Diaz their standard-bearer, but with the machine at his back Juárez was declared re-elected, and Diaz refused to contest. In 1871 the Indian President, who had held office since 1857, was again nominally elected. In behalf of the reforms promised under the Constitution of 1857, but never instituted, Diaz issued from Oaxaca the protest known as the "Pronunciamiento of La Noria." *

Juárez was already a changed man by failing health and growing blindness to the needs of the nation. July 18, 1872, death ended this strange, mute, stubborn, circumscribed, but great career. Lerdo de Te-

* Dated November 8, 1871.

jada, in whom under Mexican laws rested the right of succession, was elected President in October. He offered Diaz high positions, but the Oaxacan went back to his sugar-making.

In 1874 the incumbent, a scholar and a gentleman, but neither a large ruler nor a large patriot, had the country by the ears, partly by mismanagement, partly by showing his design to capture a second term. Revolutions broke out all over the republic, and the famous "Plan of Tuxtepec" was promulgated January 16, 1876. Among the prominent Mexicans proscribed by Lerdo was his most dangerous rival; and selling off his property for a song, Diaz retired to the United States. In March, 1876, he crossed the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, with forty men, and issued a pronunciamiento. His forty soon multiplied by ten, and marching on the Lerdist garrison of Matamoras, he captured seven hundred prisoners and eighteen cannon; next beating the larger force of Fuero at Icamole. But finding it impossible to break through to the distant south, he returned to New Orleans and sailed in disguise for Vera Cruz. At Tampico a lot of his Matamoras prisoners came aboard the steamer, and he was recognized. Slipping overboard by night in the shark-infested harbor, he started to swim ashore, but was overhauled and carried back. It was perhaps the most ticklish of all his personal hazards, many and great as they have been. But the purser took a hand, and deceived the captain by throwing overboard a life-preserver. Diaz lay for a week cooped inside the sofa on which the Lerdist officers sat for their nightly card games. At Vera Cruz he got ashore disguised as a sailor, and after many

startling adventures came back to Oaxaca, where he rallied a force of 4000 men.

After the alleged re-election of Lerdo, against which even the president of the Supreme Court rose in revolt, General Alatorre was sent to run down Díaz. At Tecuac he caught him. The battle was long and sharp, but though outnumbered, Díaz won. He held his men in hand till the crisis, and then, leading the charge in person, broke Alatorre's army in two, and captured its artillery, baggage, and 3000 prisoners. From the field of Tecuac he marched on Mexico. Lerdo fled *viâ* Acapulco to the United States, "taking the cash," and on the 23d of November Díaz entered the capital amid general rejoicing. Five days later he assumed the provisional Presidency, and in April, 1877, was elected constitutional President of the republic. Lerdo promoted several uprisings, which were easily put down, and Iglésias, the Supreme Court claimant, returned from his hiding to private life.

This *coup* made the beginnings of Mexico as a prosperous and modern nation. For the first time in her history since the revolt from viceregal rule she had at the reins a hand strong enough and a head clear enough. Peace rose upon the wreck of fifty years of chaos, and progress followed after peace. Best of all, a national spirit began to be welded among the factions. When the question who could and should and would rule Mexico was taken out of the scramble, the lookers for Presidential lightning began to fall into line for more important things; while those blind enough still to fancy that the new man was just a man, and not the government of Mexico, found out their mistake.

There was singular businesslikeness in every step, and at the same time singular justice. Diaz knew a good man in friend or foe. When he could, he called to his side, and as readily, those who had been his chief enemies as his first friends. Those who would not lend a hand he merely kept where he could have an eye on them. All a *revolucionario* had to do to be *persona grata* was to turn his talents to the uplifting of Mexico ; and this policy did wonders.

The internal policy which has in so few years won statesmen from contemptuous indifference to admiration began at once. Before one realized it, Diaz was binding his disjointed states by the railroad and the telegraph. In his first year the long arrears of public officials had been paid up. In five years he had more than doubled the national revenues, and not by exactions, but by putting the public business on a civil-service basis. Roads, bridges, light-houses, wharves, public buildings, began to rise as taxes went down. The military and civil codes were revised. The army was reorganized, and the best country police in the world, the *guardias rurales*, were created. By them the curse of brigandage, which infested every trail and highway in Mexico, has been wiped out. Reformed diplomatic relations were established with the outer world. The national credit was raised from the dead. And throughout the length and breadth of the long-wasted country the public school began to rise. Primary instruction, normal schools, agricultural and industrial training, fairs, factories, and the development of the soil—by all such steps united Mexico began suddenly to come up out of her low estate.

It was some time before she met much welcome ;

and the cool stand of Diaz in marking a dead-line along the frontier, and advising our General Ord that it must not be overstepped in pursuit of Indians or other things, had like to have made trouble. But a year after his election to the Presidency Diaz was officially recognized by our government, and Grant's visit to Mexico in 1880 did much to civilize our feelings towards the neighbor republic.

Then came the interregnum of Manuel Gonzalez, "El Mocho"—a man of superb courage and of his word, but little other morals—who brought progress to a standstill. In 1880 Diaz lost his wife and her babe—the heaviest blow that has ever reached him amid all his perils. He was for a time Secretary of Fomento under Gonzalez, Senator from Morelos, and Governor of Oaxaca—elected to the last office by a literally unanimous vote. In the spring of 1883 he married his present wife, and their wedding-trip was to the United States.

Without activity on his part, and by an overwhelming majority, he was re-elected President to succeed Gonzalez, and was inaugurated December 1, 1884, with severe simplicity. Last year he took the oath which inaugurates his present (fifth) term, which has every promise of being his most successful one. The perfection of his remarkable system of public education, and of his hardly less masterly scheme of railroad and harbor development, is the ambition of this term, which is to be his last.

And to the question first on our lips—"But when Diaz dies or has done?"—he has, I think, provided the answer. He has set the feet of his people in the paths of progress. He has given them to know,

after fever, how good is the cool draught of peace. He has bound them not more to himself than to one another. And when he steps down from his romantic place he will leave a people apprenticed to self-government—a people not past mistakes, but unlikely to forget the main lesson, with an abundance of able men fit to be called to the head, and willing to wait to be called.

Yet by the very nature of things just such a career can befall but once in a country's life. Such men may return, but not again such opportunity. And among those who have gone before and those who shall come after him, history will reserve an undisputed place for the man who made the United States of Mexico; the second American who has won and worn the title, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

At last at peace with herself, Mexico is at peace with all the world—even with the two nations against whom were her only native grudges. She has ceased to hate Spain, thanks to chivalrous General Prim, who even in war kept faith—and the French, who broke it. She even forgives us our consuls, and the tourist whose hat persists in the cathedral. There is not even bitterness in her memories of the miserable war of '48. For she remembers that Seward's Monroe doctrine ended the Intervention by convincing the little Napoleon that empires were not a good investment next door to Uncle Sam. Remembering that, she can forget a good deal.

XII

SOME OUTER ACTIVITIES

IF I have given disproportionate space to the City of Mexico, it is simply because it is easier to handle in this narrow elbow-room a fair type of modern Mexico than to go knight's-jumping over the country in pursuit of disjointed illustrations. The capital fails to be typical only in that it is by more than thrice the largest population in the republic, and that by its sheer momentum of numbers (as well as by its accessibility to the central government) it takes a rather more impressive stride of progress. It is typical in that every other city in the country is progressing along precisely the same lines and for precisely the same reasons. The difference is of degree, and not of kind.

Beautiful Puebla* and lovely Guadalajara† dispute the second place, each with about 100,000 people. "Puebla the clean" is probably entitled to it, and, at

* Founded as La Puebla de los Angeles; since the Independence, Puebla de Zaragoza. The first mass was said here April 16, 1530. Privileged as a city September 28, 1531.

† Founded by Nuño de Guzman in 1531. He was one of the few *conquistadores* who were our *stage Spaniards*—a cruel brute, who was duly punished for his atrocities, as were all the atrocious ones.

any rate, is one of the most attractive towns in the New World. Fray Velarde wrote of it, nearly a century and a half ago: "To me it appeared so abundant and so fair that it is not inferior to the best cities of Europe. It is, without competition, the best and most principal city of North America after Mexico." He found there five hospitals and sundry colleges, of which one had over five hundred young Indian scholars. Of the College of the Holy Ghost he says, "I doubt if there be another like it in America." This is to-day the fine State College—the historic building, by-the-way, from which Diaz (taken prisoner by the French) made so dashing an escape in 1865. A good gymnasium is among its arrangements.

The city bristles with interesting churches (they pass forty); and its vast, severe cathedral* is famous even in Mexico. The ex-convent of Santa Rosa is particularly rich in the encaustic tiles in whose making Puebla led the New World.

Puebla is still, as it has been for centuries, one of the foremost manufacturing points of Mexico; but

* In one of its towers is the phonetic inscription:

REYNANDO D. CARLOS II.
NRO. SEÑOR. EL MAESTRO
MAYOR, CARLOS GARCIA
DURANGO, QUE ENPESO LA
FABRYCA DE ESTA TORE Y
LA ACABO. AÑO DE 1678.
Y NO SUCEDIO DESGRACYA
COSTO. SYEN MIL PESOS.

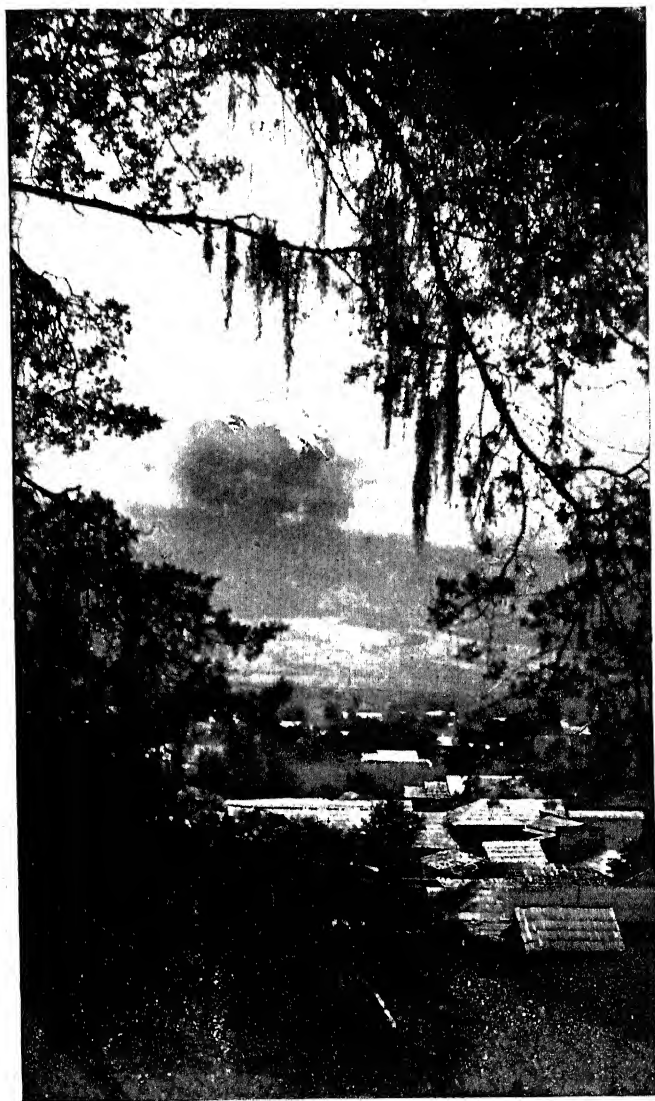
[In the reign of Charles II., the Master-Builder Carlos Garcia Durango began the construction of this tower, and finished it in the year 1678. And no accident befell. It cost \$100,000.]

now great modern mills are taking the place of fire-side industries and colonial *obrajes*. In 1802 the city made five million pounds of soap. Even ten years earlier it had forty-six earthenware factories. At the beginning of this century it counted over one thousand two hundred weavers of cotton and cottonades. It manufactured hats for Mexico and Peru. It also tanned over eighty thousand cowhides a year. Herds, by-the-way, were not slow to root and branch in the New World. Fray José de Acosta, whose *História Natural y Moral de las Indias* is so flavorsome reading, notes the arrival in Seville, as early as 1587, of a *flota* bringing 64,340 Mexican rawhides—indicating a fair increase for about half a century since the first introduction of cattle to the New World.

Now the city has fifteen modern cotton-mills, a glass factory, five or six flour-mills, and considerable industries in pottery and tiles, and onyx and the like. The great manufacturer, Rubin, has put over a thousand tons of the latest machinery into his new million-dollar cotton-mill, La Moratilla; and another two hundred-loom mill near San Martín is but a year old. A two-hundred thousand-dollar mill, as new, faces the railroad station. A modern flour-mill, to do a business of over \$200,000 a year, is another wrinkle of modernity.

The city's factories have not begrimed its wonderful skies nor debased its architecture. The stone cornices of Puebla, and the stone brackets, which replace pillars as supports of its balconies, are unique. To the historian this town of eleven sieges, this prominent point in colonial times,* and chief focus of the

* It was the only reasonable city on the highway from the coast to the capital.



POPOCATÉPETL, THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN (17,800 FEET HIGH) FROM
THE SACROMONTE

War of Intervention, is precious. The ravine-gouged hill of Guadalupe has been the largest battle-ground in Mexican history, and on it Díaz won distinction in three battles against the invader. The splendid state-prison (five years old and costing \$100,000), the new alamedas and statues, the huge Parián (market), the improvements in the electric lighting and water-supply, the beginnings of sewerage, and the remodelling of the schools (which a year ago adopted the German system) are typical of Puebla's progress. So it is that the state paid off, on the national birthday (September 16, 1896), the last instalment of its debt.

It is one of the garden spots of all the Mexican uplands, this Puebla basin, staked at the corners by Popoca-tépetl, Yztaccíhuatl, and the Malinche. The average altitude of the plain is about seven thousand feet; and though scantily watered, its broad leagues are rich with maguey, corn, wheat, barley, beans, chile, and potatoes. That it was a favorite location of the first colonists is well known. When Fray Toribio de Paredes (the historian Motolinía) blessed the six-months'-old town of Puebla, its huts, and church-site, April 16, 1532, there were thirty-three citizens. In 1678 it had a population of 80,000; and as late as 1800 it was by size the fourth city in Spanish America. Since its early "boom"—probably the most remarkable of those centuries—it has had its ups-and-downs; but nowadays it is marching forward surely and not slowly.

On the other hand, Cholula, half an hour down the plain from this parvenu metropolis of only 360 years, has swallowed so long a dose of civilization with hardly the tremor of an eyelid. To this day it is Indian

as Indian, for all the latter landmarks. At the Conquest it was one of the largest pueblos in the country—about as large as Mexico itself—and among its low, flat houses towered the huge pyramids. Now it has but about 6000 people, with twenty-six churches, including enormous San Francisco and its crumbled *capilla real*, whose dome is upheld by sixty-four columns. Even upon the summit of its great pyramid stands the graceful church of Our Lady *de los Remedios*; while a railroad has bitten deep into the base. This huge artificial mound, with a base now of about twenty acres, but formerly of sixty, and a present height of one hundred and seventy feet (formerly over two hundred) is one of the largest and one of the most ancient works of man in this old "New World," and, while it lacks the glamour of the "palaces" of Palenque and Papantla and Tiahuanaco, is among the most interesting. It antedates even the Nahuatl occupation, and was probably built by the Mayas, or the "Toltecs," those handy inventions of Ixtlilxochitl and Torquemada. Here was the famous so-called "Massacre of Cholula," when Cortez found himself toiled into the trap—and struck first. Bandelier first gave this much-abused affair its due proportion in history and in morals.

Puebla was purposely built across the river from the tribal range of Cholula, and on vacant ground, "so as not to work injury to any Indians." The selection of a site which then cannot have looked quite so attractive as the well-cultivated plain of Cholula, has been fully approved by time. Puebla is ideally situated. A city *ought* to thrive in such a setting—with the Atoyac to turn its mills, that climate to fill its

lungs, and for education of its eyes the two finest snow-peaks of North America beetling upon the western sky.

Still, I care more for the Popoca-tépetl and the Yztaccíhuatl from the other side—even so fair a valley as that of Puebla is not the fittest frame for a mountain view. From the Sacromonte—whose gigantic cypresses, garlanded with Spanish moss, lead up to the cave-shrine of the most famous statue in Mexico*—is to me the most characteristic view of the Smoke Mountain, with head and shoulders above the summer clouds, and of the Woman in White stretched upon her lofty bier. Indeed, from just the right point of vantage, here is probably the noblest prospect in all North America. Below the shaggy hill by 350 feet—and against its abrupt toes—are the white buildings of Amecameca. Close beyond them begin the rapid buttresses of the range; and above all impend the Titan pair. Popoca-tépetl (17,800 feet) is mightier and more burly than from the other side, and as for Yztaccíhuatl (15,700 feet), her characteristic shape (here wonderfully like a woman's form covered with a white pall and stretched upon an altar) is wholly lost from the Puebla side, where she was known simply as Yztac-tépetl, the White Mountain. She is older, and has been far greater, than her royal lover;† but now her crater has so much disappeared that careless travellers miss her volcanic character; and from the waste of her stupendous frame are born the smiling valleys

* Our Lord of the Sacromonte, brought from Spain in 1527. Enormous pilgrimages are made to it yearly; but it was never before photographed.

† For so, by the Aztec myth, was Popoca-tépetl.

of Puebla. Popoca-tépetl, which has been numerously ascended ever since Diego de Ordaz (1519),* has a crater half a mile in diameter, which is one of the most famous of sulphur mines. The volcano is alive, but inactive; but has not always been so tame within historic times. At the Conquest Cortez and others record that it was in eruption, throwing out rocks, smoke, and terrible noises. An outburst in 1540 carried cinders as far as Puebla and Tlaxcála, and another in 1663 darkened the sky with its ashes. The last eruption was on the day of San Sebastian, 1664, when the eastern rim of the crater fell in, to the terror of all the country-side, and ashes fell again in Puebla, ten leagues away.

Down from Puebla by the Mexican Southern, past the hamlet of Amozoc (famous by centuries for the expert smiths who waxed fat shoeing the pack-beasts that toiled up from Vera Cruz), one drops fast from the 7000-foot corn-lands to successive palms, bananas, and sugar-cane. It is another of those swift Mexican ladders from the high temperate zone to the tropics, and is interesting for memorable scenery as well as for the shifting panorama of climates. At Quiótepec we are less than 1800 feet above the sea.

I cannot pretend to describe this dip into the rich south, nor Oaxaca,† capital of its state and mother of

* Cortez discredits this achievement. It is perfectly certain, however, that in 1522 a gallant soldier named Francisco Montaña was "lowered seventy or eighty fathoms, face down," and gathered sulphur for gunpowder to complete the Conquest.

† It was this rich southern valley (the old "Huaxyacac" which he sent Juan Nuñez de Mercado to subdue in 1522) that

presidents—the low-built, massy city of the earthquake lands, with its pretty plazas and haciendas, its Oriental ox-carts, its gaslights and Arabic lanterns swung across the street, its baths trimmed with onyx, its fine public buildings, its museum, library, seminary, and normal schools. It is still one of the most Mexican of cities, and one of the most attractive, with a climate hardly surpassed.

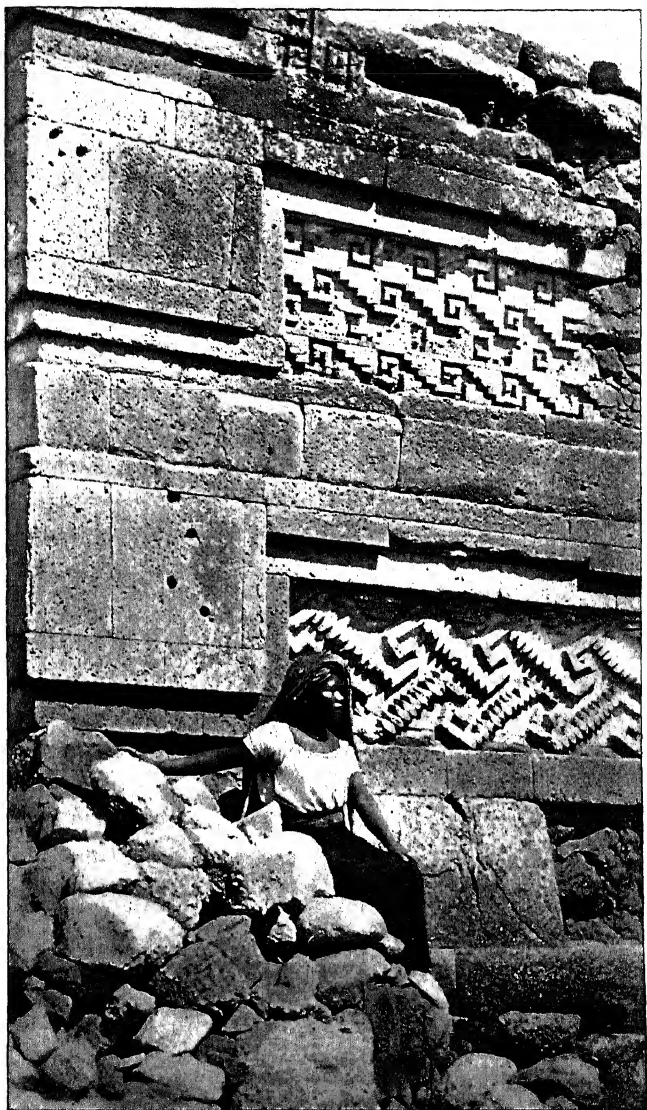
It is gateway to a vast region just awakening for development, and to a great field of the first archaeological importance. A half-day's gallop away are the most surprising ruins north of Yucatan, the immemorial so-called "mosaic palaces" of Mitla; and other pre-historic remains are in all directions. And on to the south open the wonders of the half-unguessed *tierra caliente*.

But time fails me for longer rambling by these pleasant lanes north or south. It is too late to tarry in Guadalajara, which was already "Pearl of the West" before it was half so livable and lovable as now. It has not turned from the left-hand bank of the Santiago, nor forgotten its ancient and excelling potteries, its cathedral from 1548, its venerable wool

gave Cortez his marquesate Del Valle, granted July, 1529. The diocese of Oaxaca (one of the four first in Mexico) was established in 1534. The city has suffered various earthquakes (notably in 1772, 1787, and 1817) and many stormings—by Morelos, Santa Anna, and Guerrero, not to mention Diaz himself and Field-marshal Bazaine in later wars. The town was founded by royal *cédula* of April 25, 1532. Fourteen years later it had but thirty Spaniards. Its present population is about 30,000. Its altitude is 3900 feet.

and cotton mills from 1765 (before that it depended for these fabrics on the older mills of Puebla, Querétaro, and San Miguel Grande). But on their head it has new beauties, new hygiene, and new conveniences. It is now lighted by electricity—the power transmitted from the great falls of Juanacatlan, fifteen miles away—and about it, now that a branch of the Mexican Central brings it up to date, are springing up some of the finest factories in America.

Pachuca (State of Hidalgo), the oldest mining camp in Mexico, is also one of the newest. I wonder what the Count of Regla would feel if he might return and visit the plant of the Regla Electric Power Transmission Company, a native company organized in 1894 with a capital of \$800,000. From a fall of 90 feet it develops 600 horse-power, and transmits it ten kilometres. The mines of Pachuca suffer \$250,000 a month by flooding—and by the jealousies which have kept them from pulling together to remedy the case; but this cannot last long, and the electric company is to be their saviour. Here were the famous mines of the Real del Monte, which probably enjoy the distinction of being the most colossal folly of English “tenderfeet,” but paid as soon as they reverted to Mexican management. Here were the famous *vetas* of La Viscaina, El Rosário, La Soledad, Cabrera, and Moran. Here the Conde de Regla “made his pile.” It was from these *tiros* that he promised to pave the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico (550 kilometres) with silver ingots if the monarch would accept his invitation to visit the New World. Two of these mines in 1726–27 produced 4,341,600 ounces of silver. Here were two of the most disastrous shaft fires in early America; and



A BIT OF OLD MEXICO—THE RUINS OF MITLA

here one of the first and greatest tunnels to drain a mine was finished in 1762.

And there are Toluca—most often named in Mexico for its superior brewery, but notable on many other planes of progress, besides its agricultural fertility—and handsome (if too Americanized) San Luis Potosí, with its two through railroads, its great and splendidly equipped mining industries (including the greatest silver and lead reduction works in America, those of the Compañía Metalúrgica Mexicana), and its vantage-ground between the vegetable wealth of the *tierra caliente* and the mineral riches of the *tierra fria*. And there are modern and wakeful Monterey, and slower, but as sure, Durango* with its smelter, its iron mines, and its hopes of outlet to the West Coast. There is Morélia (once Valladolid de Michuacan, but renamed for the patriot priest Morelos), the home of such architecture as marks its Normal School, and of the first sweeping philanthropy in Mexico, as distinguished from the local philanthropies of school, hospital, etc. Here lived and toiled the first bishop of Michuacan, Vasco de Quiroga, a forgotten man who did more for the Indians than that overrated and underbalanced Bartolomé de las Casas, who stands with innocent Helps and his peers as about the sum and substance of Spanish mercy. As a matter of fact, it is only when we lay aside the crazy bishop of Chiapas that we can really comprehend the humanity of the Conquest and its sequel. Michuacan is a relatively small state, but a very rich one, ranging from the central

* The old "Guadiana," founded 1559, under the second viceroy, Velasco el Primero, as a military outpost against the savage tribes.

plateau down to Pacific tide-water; and with better transit will be a stalwart factor in national progress. In it is Pázcuaró, with one of the loveliest lakes in the world, and last abiding-place of the wonderful "feather-work" which once adorned priceless cloaks of Aztec chiefs, but is now known chiefly by cheap "pictures" in the curio stores. In 1829 the aboriginal industry was already disappearing, and the Mexican Congress voted \$800 to one José Rodríguez, a remnant expert, for making the national coat-of-arms in this feather-work.

Nor need the traveller slight Lerdo, in the famous Laguna cotton-belt; and seductive Aguas Calientes, with its enormous new smelter; Celaya and San Juan del Río; Lagos, Saltillo, and many more towns of consideration, richly set.

The Gulf coast has several potential harbors, but thus far only three competent ones. Tampico (Pueblo Viejo) was first visited by Grijalva in 1518. The bar, with only five or six feet of water, denied even the petty vessels of the Conquest and kept the natural harbor unavailable. The present town was not founded till April 12, 1823. Now the great improvements at the mouth of the Pánuco (and its connection with the Mexican Central) guarantee, I should say, the pre-eminence of Tampico over all other Gulf ports. Already the largest vessels can lay-to at the enormous wharf, and the day of the lighters is done. Here, by the way, was the legendary landing-place of the "Toltecs" when they invaded Mexico.

Vera Cruz, where Cortez founded in 1519 the first town on the American continent—La Villa Rica de

Vera Cruz—has always been the chief outlet of Mexico, despite the wretchedness of its harbor. The modern works there are at last making safe the most historic port of the New World. There are hasty travelers fearful of its climate (and not unreasonably) who see in it only a landing-place to be got away from *cuanto antes mejor*. But Vera Cruz is deeply picturesque, with its lighter architecture still Moresque, its types, its *playas*, and its coral fortress of San Juan de Ulúa (a corruption of the Indian *Acolhua*). The fortifications of this port cost fifty millions in the old days—and never kept any foe out. The tributary country is of marvellous variety, even for Mexico; and its best has almost infinite fertility. Perhaps nowhere else can one see so diagrammatically as on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico the range of what Humboldt so aptly calls “climates in strata”—that wonderful Mexican range where in the same latitude flourish the apple and the banana, wheat and the sugar-cane, the oak and pine and palm. Here is the home of the vanilla; and that less agreeable flavor which has given its name to Jalapa, a *poblacion* perhaps as pretty as any inland town on earth. There are no better cottons, tobaccos, cacaos, and sarsaparillas than those of the state of Vera Cruz; and its cane surpasses that of Santo Domingo. From tide-water to the highest peak in North America (Orizaba, known to the Aztecs as Citlal-tépetl, the star-mountain, 18,200 feet *) is the gamut of Vera Cruz. The porphyry peak of the Cofre del Perote (Nauhcampa-tépetl), in

* Raised to its supremacy by the more precise orometries of this decade.

its pumice overcoat (13,400 feet), and the bold 13,470-foot "Malinche,"* are other splendid landmarks of the region. The town of Orizaba (a corruption of the Nahuatl "ahuilizápan") is only 4000 feet in altitude and only twenty-five miles from its namesake peak. It is one of the most picturesque of Mexican towns, and, with its huge cotton-mills and other factories, one of the most promising.

Coatzacoalcos (which Humboldt appraised as "the best natural harbor of any river that enters the gulf") is of unique importance, not so much for the great commerce of parts of Tabasco, Chiapas, Oaxaca, and Vera Cruz, to meet which the present large improvements are fitting it, as for its geographic position. It is key to the narrowest of all the Mexican isthmus, where the two oceans are not over 130 miles apart in a bee-line, the shortest cut there is till you go as far south as Nicaragua. However neglected by provincial politicians, however discredited by due suspicion of the promoters of impossible fakes, the destiny of interoceanic communication is manifest and inevitable. I believe the Panama canal will never be built—that by sane business-men it never can be. The Nicaragua or the Tehuantepec route—or maybe both—invariably will be. Already by 1520, Cortez, in his fourth *Letter* to the Emperor, foreshadows the great work we have been too dull to do yet, and speaks of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec as *el secreto del estrecho*—the secret of the strait. And the viceroy, Conde de Revillagigedo (1789), projected a transisthmian canal via

* A corruption of Marina, the name of Cortez's Indian sweetheart, with the diminutive "tzin"; the aboriginal title of the peak was Matlal-cueitl.

the river Coatzacoalcos. Apart from its effect upon the rest of the world, commercially—and for the United States, of course, no other one enterprise could mean so much as such extraneous bond between the halves of a nation now sundered by the “long haul” of desert railroads—some such cheap interoceanic highway is a near necessity to Mexico. Not for present commerce alone, but to exploit the incalculably rich but now difficult south, to open its rubber, sugar, and precious woods to the world, Mexico must have it. And it would be somewhat a joke (nor is it an impossible one) if Mexico were to do the work. Balanced, as it were, between the two oceans, compact and central with regard to the long commerce of the world, it is hard to foretell what influence upon trade and politics the new republic might have, with this canal in her hands.

XIII

GLIMPSES OF THE WEST COAST

MAZATLAN from seaward is a picture not readily forgotten, but never yet adequately photographed. Its turquoise semilune of a bay, symmetrically set between three precipitous islands to the north and three to the south, washes the very hem of the town, whose adobes turn to marble with distance and the sun. On the northern outer island—once refuge of wholesale *cimarrones* (runaway slaves)—perches the light-house, perhaps 300 feet above the tide. It poses at home as the highest *faro* in the world. As a matter of fact, that of San Lorenzo, in front of Callao, is more than thrice as high.

This outpost of the tropics—six leagues south of the Tropic of Cancer, and already in sight of the Southern Cross—is now the (commercially) first port on the Pacific coast of Mexico, and until very recently was surpassed only by Vera Cruz. Now Tampico and Coatzacoalcos will far outstrip it, and it will not come back to its own until one of the transcontinental lines creeps down to it.

From the seaman's point of view it is a poor harbor—in fact, it is no harbor at all, but merely a good roadstead. Vessels of 18-feet draught anchor a mile and a half from the wharf, and further familiarity must be

left to the lighters. But politically and geographically it is a very important point. It is key to the Gulf of California—or Gulf of Cortez, for its discoverer; or *Mar Bermejo*, for the tingeing of its waters by ferruginous streams—and is, so to say, the midway port of the Mexican West. Up the gulf are the good harbors of Guaymas (reached by the Sonora railroad * from Arizona) and of Topolobampo, destined to be the terminus of another line from the "States." Down the coast are the magnificent natural harbors of Manzanillo and Acapulco, besides various *embarcaderos* of less future.

Mazatlan has possibly 12,000 souls, and its manufactures are minor; but it commands a vast interior of rich potentiality. It was formerly port not only for Sinaloa, but as well for Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango, and so far inland as Zacatecas. The opening of ports at San Blas and Manzanillo cut it down at home, and our San Francisco has put a knee in its old-time China trade; that commerce goes now to California first, and is thence parcelled out to Mazatlan.

Its coast trade is still important, and the prospects more so. It is the commercial centre of rich mining districts, and gold and silver bullion form the great majority of its exports. The famous mines of the Real del Rosário, twenty-seven leagues inland, were discovered in 1655, and are still profitably worked by newcomers. This spring of many fortunes takes its name

* Recently acquired by the Southern Pacific from the Atchison in exchange for the California line between Needles and Mojave. This was, perhaps, the first time in history that railroads were ever "swapped."

from the curious chance of its finding. One Leon Rojas, a countryman, was "running" a belated steer when his rosary broke. Piously unwilling to lose the scattered beads, he dismounted—but could not find them in the dusk. Being a person of tenacity, he passed the night there; and in the morning found not only his beads, but a film of silver which his camp-fire had roasted from the virgin soil. The state has a mint in Culiacan, established in 1846; and the mines have yielded bullion for all necessities of the coinage, and several yearly millions for export besides. Cattle come next to mining. The interior, too wooded for sheep, is admirably adapted to horses and horned herds, which are in abundance. The pelts of these and of alligators (which swarm in the coast streams) are a staple of export; and the home tanneries also handle the skins of the beautiful felidæ of the mountains—the jaguar, the cougar, and the ocelot. Agriculture, due to be chief of Sinaloan industries, is thus far the least advanced. There are no important irrigating canals, and the whole productive state is in but the doorway of development. Corn leads, and is the staple of the natives; with that universal Spanish *credo*, the frijol, a good second. Wheat is comparatively little sown as yet, and the grape is rare. Of the abundant fruits, the orange, cocoanut, and plantain are most prodigal; and the agreeable *pitiahaya*—fruit of the organ cactus—grows riot, a "board by the month" for the peasantry and an article of export inland. It even christened the state—Sinaloa, or *sinaloaha*, being the Cahiti name for this fruit.

The once-famous pearl fisheries of the West Coast, from which in 1587 no less than 632 pounds of pearls

were taken to Seville,* are nowadays neglected—not that they are “played out,” but because other industries have for the time crowded them aside.

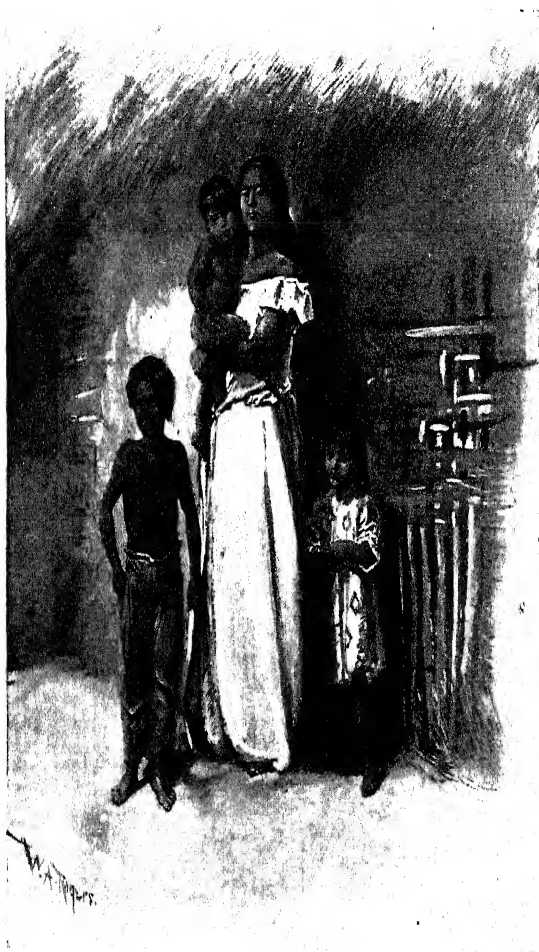
For a town founded in 1822 with a few huts, Mazatlan has had its fair taste of history. It has changed its name thrice, beginning as Ortigosa, rising to Villa de las Costillas, and finally adopting its present name from the Aztec—*mazatl*, deer; *tlan*, place. It has been several times the capital of Sinaloa, and all times a nest of revolution. It became a garrison town in 1844, and lost no time in rebelling against Santa Anna. In 1846 it hatched another revolt. We blockaded and finally captured it in 1847. Mexican revolutionists took it by storm in 1859. In the sacrifice of Maximilian it figured again, being the only foothold in Sinaloa of the meddlers. The French corvette *Cordelière* bombarded it in 1864, but was driven off by one agile cannon in the plaza. Seven months later a French naval division captured the town after a bombardment, and it was Maximilian's for two years to a day—when General Corona recaptured it and put an end to intervention in Sinaloa. In 1868 Mazatlan was again the seat of a revolt against the government, and for three years was infested with troubles. In 1871 it rose again, and was taken by storm in the following year—only to erupt once more in 1876. The list of governors of Sinaloa since the state was founded (1830) is of more length than breadth—with its incumbents “for ten days,” “for two days,” “for seven days.”

Mazatlan is characteristically ear-marked—flat-

* Father Acosta, Book IV., Chapter XV.

topped, practically one-storied, and compact ; cleaned to the ultimate crumb by its double health-department, the vultures and the donkey-carts of the municipality (and thereby more scrupulously neat than any city of ours) ; its fresh, light walls sharp in the *relievo* of their shade-trap angles (there are no other shadows like those of the adobe) and the still darker plumes of palm and plantain in court-yard and garden ; its narrow streets, painfully but durably *empedradas* with cobble-stones from the beach, deserted on the side of the sun, alive but leisurely on the side of the shade ; its picturesque folk, and over all and around all the indescribable atmosphere of New Spain, with all its courtesy, its content, its restfulness.

We saunter up from the wharf along the excellent stone mole ; past a very respectable iron-foundry, a good tannery, the gas-works, a one-mule horse-car going in our direction, and humble match and cigarette factories uncounted ; through irresolute streets which finally decide upon the plaza—one triangle of tropic bloom—and on to the ship-yard, author of the excellent launches which surprise the traveller at the steamer. The few principal streets are modest but pleasant, with their stringent neatness and their glimpses by cool doorways to wide *pátios*. The Spanish-American idea of a dwelling is not met by a box, of whatsoever size and sumptuousness. It must be a home not only for the family, but for a bit of out-doors as well. Instead of making a lawn to dazzle the passer and be lost to the dweller, the transplanted Iberian still takes his lawn into the sitting-room. He builds not behind it, but around it ; and every room opens into it, and every inmate can lounge in its freshness



CHOLOS OF THE WEST COAST

secure from unentitled eyes. Its fountain, its foliage, its cool verandas, are part of the home and not of the street.

Back of these homelike homes, in little tilted alleys, are the *chosas* of the poor—boatmen, laborers, porters, fishers—rude apologies to a complacent sky, with careless cane and rushes, and naked babes and laughter, and all the trade-marks of the tropics, where to be poor is not to want. Aside from the few foreigners, there are four distinct classes in Mazatlan—the creoles, mestizos, mulattoes, and Indians. Five aboriginal tongues—each with two to four dialects—are still spoken in Sinaloa, and representatives of all may be encountered in the port. Despite its cleanliness, Mazatlan is liable at certain periods to malarial fevers, dysenteries, and the like; while a little northward the country is notably healthful. Almost without exception, the direct coast of Mexico, on Gulf or Pacific, is not salubrious to be lived on.

The roadstead of San Blas distends an arc of low, dense, tropical shore. There are better harbors, and worse. The town, half a mile from the curved beach, where the lighters land by a caiman-infested estuary, has two thousand souls—and the content of a half-million. It is almost undiluted tropics. Apart from the modest plaza—with its small adobe church, its adobe post-office glassy and brassy with Yale lock-boxes, and two other adobe streets—everything is of cane and palmetto. The chief industry—if so harsh a word may be applied to work without worry (which is play)—is the making of cigars and cigarettes. Both are of an excellence and cheapness calculated to make the

wanderer smoke and think—the latter particularly if he has been accustomed to being fined at home for smoking decently. This is outlet for the Tepic tobacco-belt ; not the best in Mexico, but withal one whose best product the connoisseur is very glad to puff. But now a railroad has its nose turned to San Blas from the central plateau. When that reaches salt-water there will be another story from this present sleeper.

Perhaps it is its exquisite proportion which gives to Manzanillo the air of a toy harbor ; for it is large enough for a navy, and for security has but two equals on the west coast of the United States. An arm of hills hugs the blue bay, whose waters are deeper than is usual on Pacific shores and more beautiful than almost any others in the world. The big steamer floats in a perfect aquarium, whose very pebbles are visible as the innumerable rallies of sharks, fifty-pound gold-fish (the *pargo* or “red-snapper”), and a hundred other finny shapes. It is a vision the most hardened globe-trotter will never forget.

Manzanillo is a perfect jewel of the tropics—with one sole exception the loveliest coast-picture between California and Chile. Snuggled along the base of its abrupt and matted hills behind, its front is bent to the exquisite curve of beach. The chalky adobe houses, peaked with red tiles ; the streets spotless as after the besom of a New England housewife, and “enstoned” (by the Spanish of it) in wonderful patterns of cobble ; the plaza, one great blossom ; the massy little church uplifted like a benediction upon the town ; an air which seems distilled of butterflies and birds and flowers, a sky like California and a bay

like Italy for blue—it is all a canvas few lands can match.

If Manzanillo has but a thousand souls, its importance is commensurate rather with its beauty than its population. It is a real port, well sheltered and well fathomed; and from tide-water a railroad is already so far inland as Colíma (capital of the state of the same name), its ninety-six kilometres insuring the projected rail connection with the interior.

Acapulco, the most beautiful Pacific port in the Americas, is also the second finest harbor in the world, Sydney alone outranking it—no better sheltered but far larger. My conviction is that it is destined to be one of the largest assets of modern Mexico. All it needs is a railroad to the capital—and that is creeping rapidly towards Acapulco. Here for centuries came the Manila galleon. Here the copper of Coquimbo, the silks of Canton, and the chocolate-nuts of Guayaquil were beached to begin their overland journey, pickaback by mule, to Spain and way-stations. Over that historic pack-trail is one of the most picturesque and fascinating *paseos*, by horse or mule, that man can make in any land—though I have known tourists who saw nothing of it but the holes in the path.

The coast all along here is of cliffs wading into the very sea. The steamer seems almost to split them, so unforeseen is the cleft. Into a blue channel, bluff-walled, it turns, to the right of the rocky isle of La Roqueta (captured by the meteoric Galeana in the War of Independence), and steers straight upon the inland ridges. But timely before them another sudden channel opens to the left, and rounding its elbow the

vessel steams up the bay and anchors in gunshot of the town. It is the very foot of a stocking—the ankle to sea, the instep shoreward, the anchorage in the toe. The hills which hedge it from the sea are bold and high; and to get air to breathe in town the extreme western *cerro* had to be beheaded.

It is all the picture of a dream. The soft green of the bay—to which not even the Pacific ground-swell can enter—is cut by the sombre green of beachless hills which mock so impotent a word as “wooded.” They are *woolled*, with a dark mat which seems rather carved than grown, so unyielding is it. At the water’s edge, here and there, rise the high plumed heads of palms, with glimpses of plantations between their colonnades. On a long, narrow strand of the northern shore are strung the irregular white beads of the town, ended at the left by the truncate hill, at the right by the gray old fort.

Than Acapulco there is no better type of the Mexican *tierra caliente*. It is the jewel of all tropic America; artistically it has no superior in any land, and in this hemisphere no equal.

Its history goes back to 1531, when Cortez himself discovered the harbor. From this point he sent out the ill-starred expedition which found Sinaloa—and perished there.* The town has about 6000 people, and is compact and bright; but when Mr. Hampson’s road from “the city” gets here (which will be soon), Acapulco will come to its own. Just now it is more Mexican (and therefore more artistic) than any of the Gulf

* From Acapulco, also, Hernando de Alarcon, the first discoverer of our California (via the Colorado river), sailed May 9, 1540. He was sent by Viceroy Mendoza.

ports, as it is also far less known. The alluring old plaza, with the quaint bulk of the church behind, and at one side the stalls and tatters of an unspoiled Mexican market-place, and the buildings standing up to a second story—these are good, but better is beyond. I suppose man has never known a more perfect stroll than that by moonlight from the plaza to the fort. Away from the more crowded centre, up a sloping street of ancient paving, half tunnel-like under gigantic *amates*, whose ten-foot trunks stand on clumsy tiptoe of arched roots; with furtive loopholes between these and the high-thatched cabins to the moonlit bay; and under the ponderous bastions which laughed at Morelos, but opened to the first knock of Maximilian—it is all a memory which half comes to be mistrusted. It seems too perfect to have been true—such more than moonlight, such angles of shade, such salients of whiteness, such consenting of all Nature in one picture unforgettable a lifetime. I had thought to lose the gloss from the wings of this tropic butterfly with the fourth catching; but the more I see Acapulco the more it impresses me as the most perfect composition in all the galleries of the New World. As for material prospects, there is no doubt that it will be *the* port of Mexico on the Pacific, and chief point of commerce in three thousand miles of coast-line.

XIV

BORROWED FROM THE ENEMY

THERE are no more interesting nomads than words ; no others which can so go gypsying to the ends of the earth and homestead there—yet still retain residence in their birthplace. And among these wanderers from mouth to mouth, that outlast time and laugh at space, no others have quite such romance to us as those we have adopted from Spanish America. We have never borrowed as many words from any other contemporary language — except French, so much more intimate neighbor of our ancestors. Nor have any others stood quite so intimately linked with the beginnings and most picturesque phases of our own national life.

It is astonishing what a successful invasion of English has been made by the sons of those who failed with the Armada. With the ebb and flow of frontiers, the innumerable driftwood of the Castilian tongue has lodged here, there, everywhere. And where it once came it was never forgotten. The Iberian had an almost matchless aptitude at nomenclature — an ear not only for music of the tongue, but for harmony of meaning, both of which are rather lost on a race of Smithvillains and Jonesburrowers. He rather overdid the saint business, perhaps—though saints may be as

good godfathers as are crossroads autocrats. But aside from that, his names were all melodious and the rest of them almost invariably appropriate. For the one reason or the other, they have stuck like burrs. Two-thirds of the geographical names in the New World to-day are of Spanish derivation; and the same linguistic tracks are abundant in every other walk of American life. This swart name-putter has penetrated ubiquitously and intimately the speech of his traditional foe. You will hardly turn a corner in our dictionaries without running up against him. Nothing but words—yet it gives one a little thrill to find all across the deserts where they left their bones, in every nook of the unforeseen empires that have grown upon their dust, these unobliterated footprints of the pioneers.

If any word might off-hand be taken for straight English—and Cockney at that—"Piccadilly" might. But "Piccadilly" is no Londoner, nor even a Saxon. It came straight from Spain and the Spanish participle *picado* long ago—when a *picadillo* (little pierced) collar had a very different style from the now proverbial one.

And what word could be more flavorsome of our South "befo' de wah" than "pickaninny"? But it is not a native of our cotton-belt—it came from Cuba, where it was *piquinini*, and its parents were the Spanish *pequeño niño* (little child). Our very word "negro" is a direct transfer from the Spanish *negro* (náy-gro), black, and that other commonest nickname, "Sambo," is from the Castilian *zambo* (bow-legged), a *mote* invented for the African before there was an English-speaking person in all the New World. "Mu-

latto," "quadroon" (*quarterón*), and the like, are of the same parentage.

You will hardly pick from the New York gutter a more typical gamin word than "Dago"; but here again the street-Arab is debtor to the true Arab heir, for "Dago" is only an ignorant corruption of the Spanish patron saint *Diego* (dee-áy-go), James.

The New England housewife could not make pumpkin pie without a "colander" (which she calls "culinder"), that useful strainer whose holes and name were invented long before Plymouth Rock—the Spanish *colador*. And, so far as that goes, what Yankee boy stowing away some of grandma's cookies, with joyous munching of the little brown seeds, dreams that "caraway" originated not among the Granite Hills, but in Spain, whose *alcarahueya* came still earlier from the Moors? Even the "cloves" in the sweet pickle are only Spanish "nails" (*clavos*); and the old farmer's "almanac" gets its name from Arabia through Spain.

The "calabash," which once made water from the old well taste sweeter than water will ever taste again, is another loan of Spain, its derivation being from *calabaza*, a gourd. But it has lost its prettiest romance—in all Spanish America the gift of *las calabazas* was equivalent to "the mitten." The vagrant clapped into the "calaboose" still finds the connection—for it was originally *calabozo*. The merchant prince would hardly be an heir-apparent were there no such thing as "cotton"—and that gets its name from *coton*, and that is from *algodon*, with its Moorish earmark. "Cottonade," even, is from *cotonada*.

"Palaver" was a politer term before its corruption

from *palabra*, word; and "savvy" did not smack of slang when it was plain *saber*, to know. A "peccadillo" is unchanged in form and meaning, a little sin, the diminutive of *pecado*. The Kentucky "duel" had its precedent and name from the Spanish *duelo*; and Mosby was not the first "guerrilla"—a little war, diminutive of *guerra*. New Orleans may not care a "picayune," but that proverbial coin is another Spanish tag—and so were those unforgotten pieces of our childhood, the "pistareen," "doubloon" and "redl." Indeed, the "bit," "two-bits," "four-bits," etc., which so perplex the tourist in the West, are derived from Spanish standards, though they have lost their Spanish name; and so is our Almighty "Dollar."

The doctor could not afford to lose a great many adopted Spaniards from his lexicon—particularly "quinine" and "cocaine." Quinine (Spanish *quina*) was discovered by the Countess of Chinchon, then vice-queen of Peru, in 1631. "Cocaine" is the active principle of *coca*, that marvellous plant of the Andes which is almost board and lodging to the *Serrano* Indians of Peru and Bolivia, and has been held sacred by them from time immemorial. They call it by its Quichua name, *cuca*, whence the Spanish *coca*, which we have adopted. Jalap comes from Jalapa, in Vera Cruz, and sarsaparilla is another debt to Spanish America in name and fact.

It is fascinating to *trail* some of these word-wanderings. Four hundred and five years ago Columbus picked up a little word in the Antilles, and put it in the mouth of Europe; and to-day an American summer would be lonely without it. It was an Indian word which the Spaniards represented by *hamaca* (ah-màh-ca)

and which we call "hammock." The word "Indian" itself (in the sense of American aborigine) dates from the same time, when the world took Columbus's discovery to be part of India, and called it *las Indias*, and the inhabitants *Indios*.

The proper name of the American lion to-day is "puma"—and that is an Inca word that Pizarro found in the Fifteen-thirties among the Andes. The animal has a range 5000 miles long; but its Peruvian name came up to the Isthmus, took root in Mexico, entered Arizona and New Mexico with Coronado himself in 1540, and by now is accepted not only in all Spanish countries, but wherever English is spoken. "Cougar," the next best single name for the animal, is from the *cuguacuari* of a tribe in Brazil. "Condor" has a similar history. It is the Inca word *cuntur* (from *cunot'uri*, snow-biter) done into Spanish and broadcasted over the world. "Cuye" or "cue," the proper name of the miscalled guinea-pig, is another Peruvian word. "Jaguar," the American tiger, was *jaguara* (ha-gwàh-ra) among the Indians of Brazil. The "manatee," or river-cow, is from *manati*, the Spanish form of another Brazilian word; "macaw" is from *macao*; and "margay," one of the most beautiful of the tiger-cats, is one more Spanish importation from the Amazon. The greatest of snakes, the "boa," was named by the Indians of the Antilles. "Coati" (a species of monkey) and "tapir" (Spanish *tapiro*) are also from South America. "Chinchilla" is a pure Spanish name for the fine-furred little beast the explorers of Peru first made known to the world; and the like is true of "armadillo" (the little armored creature; from *armado*). "Vicuña" (*veecóon-ya*) is the record of a curious misunderstanding.

The Aymará name of this most beautifully furred animal is *huari*; but the infinitive of their verb which means to cry like a *huari* is *hui-cuña*. Probably the first Spaniards who heard that strange sound asked, "What is that?" and mistook the answer, "It bleats," for the name of the animal.

There—is a whole lesson in etymology. A similar blunder is probably responsible for the name of the vicuña's bigger cousin, the llama. The Aymará name of it is *cár-lua*; but we may guess that the *conquistador's* question, "*Como se llama?*" ("What is it called?") was merely echoed by the Indian, who did not understand a word of this new tongue. "Llama?" he repeated—and llama it has been ever since. A great many words get into the dictionaries no more wisely. It is said that "kangaroo"—which is no Australian name of the beast—arose thus: one of the earliest English visitors had killed a marsupial and asked a native, "What do you call this?" The native answered, "*Kan-gú-ru*"—"I do not understand."

The four most curious animals in the New World are the little camels of the Andes—the llama (l'yàh-ma), vicuña, huanaco, and alpaca. The latter name—familiar to every woman, though few that speak English ever wore a thread of *genuine* alpaca—is a corruption of the Inca word *pachu*, with the Moorish-Spanish prefix *al*.

There is a whole vocabulary of native American words, in scores of different tongues and all the way from Colorado to Patagonia, which we have adopted into "United States" solely from the Spanish version of them. Some of the most interesting are from that remarkable federation of tribes which controlled the

"Lake" of Mexico and its environs. "Coyote" * is Spanish, from the Aztec *coyotl*. "Ocelot," the Mexican tiger-cat, is another Aztec word, originally *ocelotl*. So is "chinchonte," the nickname of the mockingbird, which was first discovered by the *conquistadores*. Its Nahuatl name was *cencontl*. Likewise "tecolote" (from *tecolotl*), the widespread name of our little prairie owl. Even "tomato" is from the range of Montezuma, by name and by nativity. It is merely the Aztec word *tomatl*.† "Cayman," the proper name of the alligator, is the Spanish form of the Carib name. "Alligator," by the way, is a very funny and very typical instance of the way new words come. It is a corruption of the Spanish *el lagarto* (the lizard). Indeed, the unlettered frontiersman adds more to our dictionaries than does the student. A similar case is that of "lariat"—which is as near as an ignorant cow-boy came to the Spanish *la reata*. "Lasso" is a like blunder for the Spanish *lazo*, a noose.

"Canoe" is *canoa*, a word the *conquistadores* picked up in Hayti; as they did "guano" (Quíchua *huanu*) in Peru.

"Jerky," or "jerked meat," is another Spanish find, in fact and name—the latter coming from the Aymará (Bolivia) *charqui*. "Chocolate" (*choco-lah-te*) the *conquistadores* gave us from the Lake of Mexico. Its derivation is from the Aztec words, *choco* (*cacao*, the proper name for the chocolate nut) and *latl* (water). "Cocoa" also comes from *cacao*. "Potato" is from

* Co-yó-te.

† Etymologically, therefore, the pronunciation "tomayto" is impossible.

patata, the name given by the Spaniards to that now universal tuber which they discovered in Ecuador a generation before Sir Walter Raleigh was born. Even more important, they were the first Europeans to discover what we call corn (in Europe "corn" without the prefix "Indian" means wheat, barley, oats, etc.); and the proper name, "maize," comes from *mahiz*, a word they learned, with the grain, from one of the tribes of the West Indies.

These words, which we have more or less unconsciously derived from the Castilian finder and founder of the New World, crop out even in such unexpected places as our colonial history. There would have been no "grenadiers" at Bunker Hill except for Spain, since the hand-grenade and the grenadier both get their name from the city of Granada. There seems an equal incongruity in the name of the "Greenhorn" mountains in Colorado. They were not named for the "tenderfoot," but a century before his day were christened *cuerno verde*, green horn, for a famous Comanche chief of the time. For that matter, Colorado (the red), Texas (the tiles), Nevada (the snowy), Florida (the flowery, the Spanish word being sounded *floreé-da*), Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and California were all named by the Spanish long before any English-speaking person ever heard of them. So was Labrador (the laborer).

One of the queerest of these linguistic orphans is the English "cordwain," which does not look much like its own father. It is from "cordovan" (leather)—for through centuries the Spanish city of Cordoba made the best leather in Europe.

Other animal names we get from the Spanish pio-

neers are "peccary," a South American Indian word for the fierce little wild hog which used to range from New Mexico and Texas to Chile (it is also called "javelí,"* another Indian word through the Spanish); "parroquet"; "burro" (from Spain); "iguana" (from Hayti); "toucan" (from Brazil). "Jigger," or "chigo," the terrible tiny parasite which burrows into the flesh of the feet, and often causes loss of limb or life, gets its name from the Spanish *chigre* (chéé-greh). "Cimarron," the mountain sheep, is a Spanish word which means "wild," and is also the original of our "maroon" as applied to runaway slaves. "Mustang" is a border corruption of *mesteño*; and "bronco" (which ignorant people still persist in spelling *broncho*) is a pure Spanish word for an unbroken horse. It is bron-ko, not bron-cho; and ch in Spanish has invariably the sound we give ch in "church." Some people seem to fancy that "bronco" is Greek, and some relation to "bronchitis."

Among fruits whose use and names we learned from our Spanish predecessors are our California pride, the "apricot" (Spanish *albricoque*, from the Moors); the "banana," "granadilla," "guava," "chirimoya," "piti-haya," and "pomelo"; the pecan nut and the piñon (peen-yóhn). The mahogany-tree (Brazilian *mahogani*) or caoba, the palmetto, yucca, mesquite, maguey, and many more, remind us of our further debt in trees. Indigo and aniline dyes are also derived from the Spanish. So are cochineal (*cochinilla*) and caoutchouc (*cahuchu*). *Guaco* is a common and beautiful weed from which Waco, Texas, gets its name;

* Ha-ve-lée.

and "canaigre" is another, less handsome but more useful.

Alfalfa, the king of all forage plants, came first from Spain to Peru; thence to Mexico and up here—and its name still testifies to its Moorish lineage. Our mutinous wild "alfilerce" gets its name from some unlettered granger's attempt upon the Spanish *alfilerillo* (al-feel-a-récl-yo). Any one who will once notice its seed-vesicles will understand the aptness of its name, which comes from *alfiler*, a pin. The feminine form is a blunder of our dictionaries. The Spanish Californians call it always *alfilerillo*, and no one, despite the dictionaries, ever calls it *alfilaríl-la*.

"Alcove" is from Spanish *alcoba*—and back of that, of course, from the Arabic. "Corridor" is Spanish, and so is "Mosque." "Adobe," "patio," "plaza," "pueblo," "presidio," "azotea" (the flat promenade roof), and "jacal" (hack-àl, house of palisade chinked with adobe) are all Spanish unchanged in form, though frequently enough butchered in pronunciation.

The sailor's "capstan" is of Spanish invention and christening (*cabestran*, rope-winder). "Filibuster" is from *filibustero*; and "caravel," "flotilla," "armada," and "galleon" are as recognizable to any intelligent reader as to the mariner. "Mariner" itself, by the way, is of the same nationality (*marinero*).

"Renegade" (*renegado*) and "creole" (*criollo*, properly used only of the children born in America of Spanish or French parents, and pure blooded) are familiar words to every one, as "mestizo" (mixed breed) and "cholo" (cross of European with Indian) are to the scientist. "Coyote" is also used by 100,000 citizens of the United States (though the dictiona-

ries wot not of it) in a secondary sense to mean a half-breed.

"Grandee" and "don" need no introduction; but every one may not remember that even our English "admirals" were beholden to Spain for their title, which still further back was derived from the Arabic *amir-al-bahr*, "commander of the sea." Then there is "hidalgo," that true aristocrat of a word, *hijo de algo*—"son of somebody as is something."

Miners would be rather lost without "el dorado" ("the gilded" cacique of the Colombian plateau), and "bonanza," and "placer," and many other words we have inherited from the first American Argonauts. And the very "frontier" they love is only the Spanish *frontera*.

Our Castile soap, and Lima (Peru) beans; our sherry (Xeres), port (Oporto), Manzanilla, Madeira, Canary, and Amontillado wines are not much "masqueraded" (another Spanish word); but it is not so easy to recognize, in the "sirroons" so familiar to the indigo trade, the original *surrone*s. "Filigree" is a bit wide from *filigrana*; and the German "canaster," tobacco, seems to have wandered far from the Spanish *canastra*, basket. The peanut is quite unrecognizable; but it was discovered by the Spanish, and is still called in South America *mant* (its Quíchua name), and on this continent *cacahuate*, a corrupted Aztec word. In its old home it had a dignity we do not give it, being converted into flour as well as into the delicious drink *chicha*; and I have exhumed it, unharmed, in the laps of Peruvian mummies of great antiquity.

The geographer has to deal not only with tens of thousands of Spanish proper names, but with a great many

generic ones as well. "Savannah" (from *sábana*, a sheet), "sierra," "cordillera," "cañon" (canyóhn, literally a cannon or gun-barrel); "cañada" (can-yàh-da, a narrow valley, but not cliff-walled like a cañon); "mesa" (mày-sa), a table-land; "pampa" (from the Quichua *bamba*), one of the lofty plains of South America; "arroyo" (a ravine); "key" (like the Florida Keys, derived from *cayo*); "lagoon" (from *laguna*); "barranca," a bluff; "llano" (l'yàh-no, a desert plain); "ciénega" (see-èn-nay-gah, a wet meadow)—these are a few of the Spanish words he must have at his tongue's end. As for the naturalist, he needs a vocabulary of several thousand Spanish words—mostly adapted from the Indian—to cover the fauna of the Americas; and the botanist about as many more for the flora. The ethnologist is similarly indebted for the great majority of his Indian tribe-names. Apache, Comanche, Pueblo, Navajo, Yuma, Papago, Ute, Mescalero, and hundreds of others are direct from the Spanish.

Many Spanish words or Spanish derivations from Indian tongues have become current with ethnologists and well-read people the world over. Such are *cacique* (ca-sée-ke), a word which originated in Santo Domingo, and became naturalized in every tribe of Indians between Colorado and Bolivia; *estufa*, Spanish for stove, but now universally adapted for the sacred man-house of the aborigine; *cachina*, one special dance of one special tribe, now generally applied to all Indian ceremonial dances; *temescal*, the Aztec medicinal sweat-house or primitive Turkish bath—and many more.

Equally familiar are "siesta" (shortened from *sesta hora*, the sixth hour, noon), the mid-day rest; "mantilla" and "rebozo," head draperies; "poncho," that

blessed South American invention of a blanket with a hole in the centre for the head, a pattern followed in all Navajo blankets of the very highest order; "zarape" (frequently blundered into "serape"); the charming dances of the "fandango," "bolero," "cachuca," "chica," and the like.

The familiar "chinch-bug" is merely a descendant of the Spanish *chinche*; and the "New Jersey Eagle" is of clean Spanish blood—*mosquito*, "a little fly," diminutive of *mosca*. Among epicures the "pompano," "bonito," "barracuda," are sample reminders that the Spaniards also knew a good fish when they saw it.

"Tapioca" is from the Brazilian *tipioca*; and "cassava," its source, is an unchanged Spanish word. "Manioc" is similarly descended. Even "coffee"—Heaven's next-last, next-best gift to man—is from *café*, and that from the Arabic *qahwe*. Of other Spanish kitchen names, well known in the West, may be mentioned *chile* (the red pepper), *tamale*, *frijoles* (the precious brown beans), *atole* (a most nourishing gruel of pop-corn meal), *tortilla* (the unleavened bread), and so on.

The missionary about to tempt the South Sea Islanders might perhaps be comforted to remember that "cannibals" are nothing worse than a corruption of the Spanish *Caribes* (cah-rée-bes) or Caribs. The spinster owes both her canary and its name (if she will trace the debt back) to the Spaniards—though with them *canário* is now hardly so fond a term as she might expect. As for her "porcelain," that comes the same way, its original being *porcelana*, which in turn is from *puerco* (pig)—the porcelain shell having a shape-resemblance to a porker's back.

"Accquia" (ah-sày-kee-a), the irrigating ditch which is the life of the Southwest, is Spanish by name and custom. "Ranch" is from *ráncho*; "ranchero" is derived unchanged; "rancheree" (an Indian village) is a corruption of *rancheria*. "Corral," "peon," "rodeo," "hacienda," "major-domo," "latigo," "sombrero," are all direct Spanish-Americans. So is "vaquero" (of which cow-boy is a mere offshot). "Loco-weed" is from *loco*, crazy. "Cinch" comes from *cincha*. The cow-boy's leathern "chaps" are short for *chapparejos*; and his word "cavvyard" (horse-herd) is a still more remarkable liberty with *caballada*.

A typical cowboy perversion is the familiar, but never before traced, "horse-wrangler." Not in any Spanish dictionary, *caballerango* is a pure Mexicanism, now almost obsolete. It meant the man in charge of the spare riding-ponies of an expedition. *Caballo*, every cowboy knew, was horse; so, translating half the word and corrupting the rest, we got "horse-wrangler."

One might follow indefinitely so pleasant by-paths: but *basta!* As throughout, I must merely set up a finger-board and go on.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN FACE

THE seal of Spain is upon all things that she has ever touched. To the thoughtful, few side-lights in history are more striking than this vital individuality of the Spaniard. Whatever page he opened in the New World, he wrote across it his racial autograph in a hand so virile and so characteristic that neither time nor change can efface it. Three centuries and a half of continuous evolution have not availed to make that *rubrica* illegible or mistakable. He mastered every country between us and Patagonia; and there is no land in which he ever sat down which does not to this last day bear in its very marrow the heritage of his religion, his language, and his social creed. His *marca* is upon the faces, the laws, the very landscapes.

How significant this is we may better judge when we remember that the Saxon, masterful though he is, has never anywhere achieved these results. He has filled new lands with his speech and his faith (or his lack of it), but only by filling them with his own blood, never by changing the native. The United States, for instance, is of his speech; but what Indian *tribe* ever spoke English? In the vastly greater area of Spanish America every Indian tribe speaks Spanish, and has done so for centuries. The Saxon has never

impressed his language or his religion upon the peoples he has overrun. Something of his face goes to the half-breeds he begets and will not father; but even this physical impress is less marked than in the case of his Latin predecessor. For he himself, of course, is a less fixed type.

It is a curious fact that no other nation in history has ever legitimately produced crosses with so many aboriginal bloods as has Spain. The *conquistador* was human; but the hand of the church was always upon his shoulder. Individually and casually he might elude it, but broadly he could not. He intermarried with a thousand distinct types of the Original American; and all the way from Denver to Valparaiso you can tally the varying fruits of these first wedlocks of the first frontier. You are often in doubt as to the mother, distinct as tribe originally is from tribe; but the father—you need no directory to find him. Among these mestizos are some of the finest types, physically, of Spanish America.

The same astonishing individuality which has stamped itself forever upon the offspring of his union with innumerable other bloods has, when he stayed unmixed, as remarkably preserved his own family likeness. Compare the Yankee with the Briton, then the lineal Spanish-American with the Spaniard—and you will marvel to see how much more strongly the latter is “marked” across ten generations than the former across two or three. Among civilized nations only the Jew hands down the ancestral face so persistently through the ages.

The Spanish-American face is always Spanish, yet not quite of Spain. As much to the artist as to the

anthropologist it is a fascinating study—the differentiation of this unmistakable and attractive type by local conditions operating for centuries. That is what evolution means; and here is the very poetry of evolution, as true and instructive as the prose. It is lucid verse, too. One may grow so proficient as to guess very shrewdly, from an unmarked photograph, from what section of Spanish America the sitter comes, particularly if it be a woman's face, which is more plastic to the hand of circumstance. Yet there is no sameness. A thousand localities have their local variants, each as a rule already a recognized type; each one face has its individuality as clear as with us; and through all, individual or local, runs the inevitable sub-dominant of Spain.

We often talk of the Spanish type as exclusively dark—a notion which argues no great knowledge of either history or geography. 'All Spaniards are not *morenos*. The swart Moorish tide that ebbed and flowed across Spain for seven centuries did, indeed, leave its eternal mark upon the Gothic-Roman; but all Spain was not drowned. As you go northward from the Ebro—that is, up where the Moorsque wave rather splashed than inundated—you find the nut-brown of Valencia and Castile shading off to lighter hues. Not unknown in other provinces, in Galicia, Arragon, and Asturias, the "gold-haired, heaven-eyed" type is familiar. And if there is anywhere a more perfect beauty than that of the true Spanish blonde, I would fain treat my eyes to sight of it.

Oddly enough, this survival of Spain's first days is practically without representation in Spanish America. In the New World the type is not only a great rarity,



YOUNG SPANISH-AMERICAN TYPE

but a disprized one. The epigrammatic wit of the *paisano* shows it no mercy. The *dicho* has a hundred forms; but in some shape it is current everywhere. Palma, the laureate of Peruvian letters, has given it its most finished form :

“Como una y una son dos,
Por las morenas me muero ;
Lo blanco, lo hizo un platero ;
Lo moreno, lo hizo Dios.”

“As sure as one and one, my elf,
Are two, for the brown maids I'm dying.
The white is but a tinker's trying,
But God, He made the brown Himself.”

The perfect *moreno* is the most perfect skin in the world. We talk of olive glibly—and most of us never saw one true olive type. Now and then you find it in Spain, and it is exquisite as rare. But it is not the “browny” and elfish *moreno*, which is the hue of the “nut-brown maid” of old English balladry. Our forefathers knew a good thing when they saw it.

That perfect brown is so transparent, so fine, so soft, so richly warmed with the very dawn of a flush, as no other cheek that is worn of woman. No other complexion so lends itself to the painter's canvas. Nor would I precisely advise the loveliest of my countrywomen to lay her cheek to one of perfect Andalusian brown. A yard away, her superior beauty is safe; but side by side she cannot afford comparison with that skin—nor ever can, till Art shall have reversed the whole gospel of color.

Perfection of the *moreno* type is found in many parts of Spanish America. In Peru it sometimes

crowns the predominant Andalusian face, the most vivacious of all Spain. In Colombia it is rarer, thanks to the tropics and to—Africa. In parts of Central America, of Cuba, of Mexico, even of New Mexico and California, it has lovely representatives. Mexico is less famous for female beauty than Peru, where Lima heads the mundane list; but it is not behind in genuine charm. Its type is less rotund: the peculiar first touch which Peru generally adds is exuberance of curve. As a rule, the facial types of the cooler Spanish-American countries are perhaps not handsomer, but certainly finer, more spiritual, than those nearer the equator.

Always and everywhere, the Spanish-American female face is interesting; at least as often as in other bloods it is beautiful. Photographs tell but half the story, for complexion is beyond them. But a certain clearness of feature, the almost invariable beauty of the eyes and fine strength of the brows seem as much a Spanish birthright as the high-bred hand and foot.

Not even the Parisian face is so flexible in expression, so fit for archness, so graphic to the mood. Yet there is a certain presence in it not to be unnoticed, not to be forgotten. To no woman on earth is religion a more vital, ever-present, all-pervading actuality; and that is why you meet the face of the Madonna almost literally at every corner of Spanish-America. And it is not a superficial thing. There is none in whom the wife-heart, the mother-heart, is truer-womanly. The *doña* is human. She may err, but she can never be gross. It is a truth so well known to every traveller that I wonder to find our philosophers so dumb about it—that even when outcast, no woman

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